

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

AUG.
No.11

10¢

ACROSS ONE
HALF THE GLOBE
WING THE
BLACKHAWKS
TO AID THE
AMERICAN
CAUSE IN
THE EAST!!!

ANOTHER THRILLING
BLACKHAWK



The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", "Barnyard Comics", "Stranger Worlds", "Captain Future", "Snake Eyes", "Miss Masque", and "The Fighting Yank". The art style is characteristic of mid-century pulp magazines, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight shadow effect. The overall composition suggests a digital archive or a website dedicated to classic comic books.

How can a guy learn Geography when he can't pronounce it?

Brather Jim is in the Navy,
Brother Tom's on Air Cadet,
And Cousin Honk's a-building tanks,
But I must wait and fret!

★ ★ ★

Uncle Sam says, "work and study!"
But it's hard to concentrate
On olden wars and ancient lores,
And stuff sa out of dote!

★ ★ ★

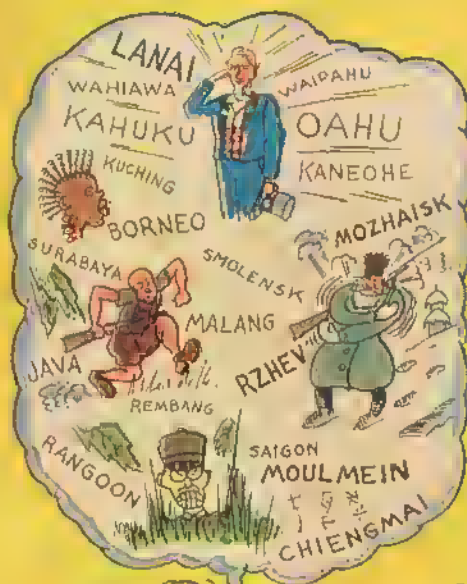
Wor Geography has got mel
Every name is like a sneeze!
From Oahu to Waipahu,
From Minsk to Celebes!

★ ★ ★

Miquelan and Madagascar,
Guem, Tobruk and Mandalay—
They give me pain inside my brain,
And fill me with dismay!

★ ★ ★

They're the reason tires are scarcer,
And the car is "on the shelf,"
But why should I complain and sigh?
I've got a bike, myself!



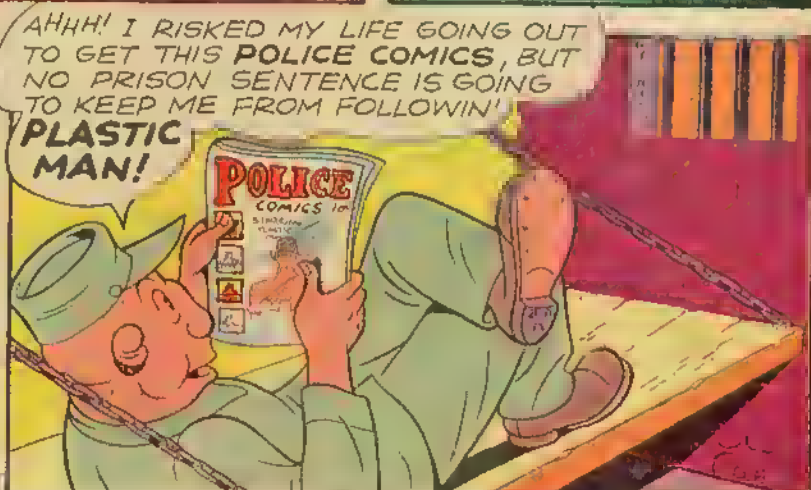
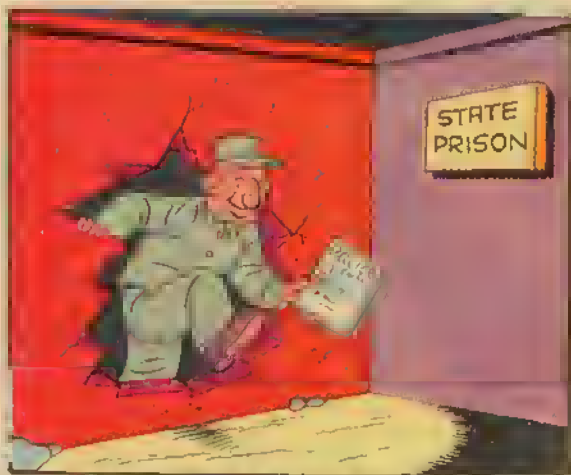
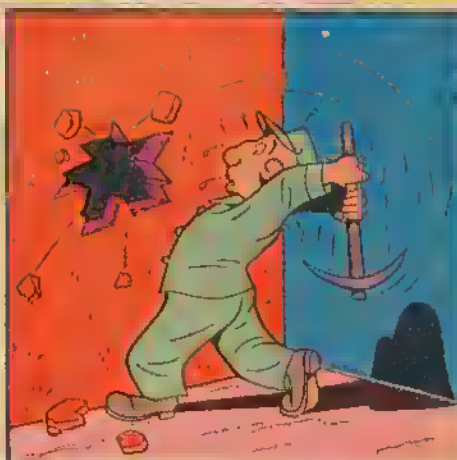
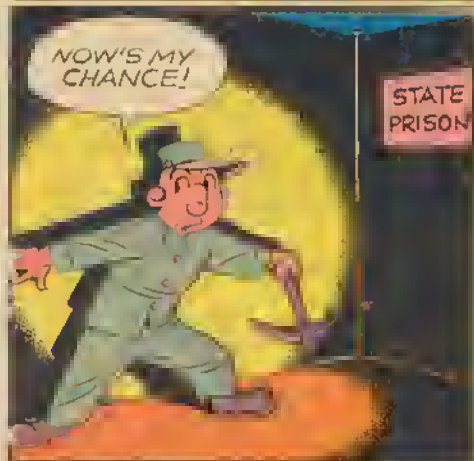
Its coaster broke's a Morrow,
(That's a tip I gat from Dad!)
It stops so quick, and coasts so slick,
It's tops . . . and that ain't bad!

★ ★ ★

Famaus for more than 40 years!
Quick stopping, easy pedaling,
long coasting; mare ball beor-
ings (31) than any ather broke.
Your bicycle dealer can furnish
a Morrow Coaster Broke on
any bike—ask far it.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION • ELMIRA, N. Y.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE



MILITARY COMICS, August, 1942, No. 11. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Curley Building, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, W. E. Elston, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Foreign \$2.00. Entered as second class matter April 28, 1941, at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York, under the act of March 3, 1970. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Marthey, Advertising Representative, 120 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

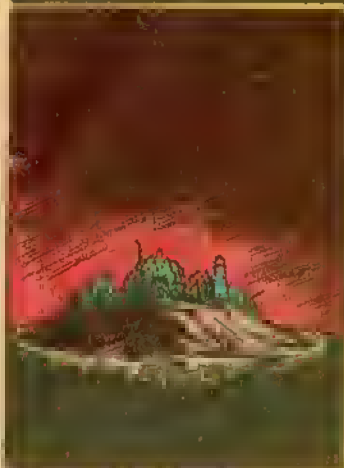
ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.



Chas.
Guidere

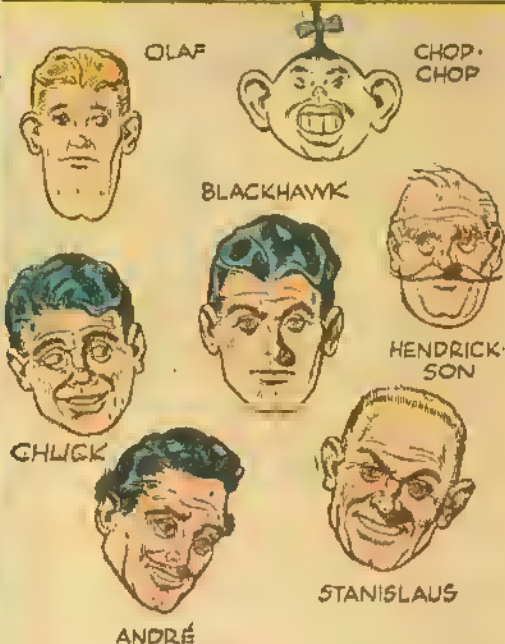
HIDDEN DEEP IN THE
FOG SHROUDED WASTES
OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC,
LIES TINY BLACK-
HAWK ISLAND...



HERE LIVE THE
SEVEN MEN WHOSE LIVES ARE
DEDICATED TO THE DESTRUCTION
OF TOTALITARIANISM...



EACH MAN, A SURVIVOR OF THE NAZI
BUTZKRIEG IN EUROPE, THEY RANG
THE WORLD FIGHTING FOR THE
FREEDOM OF MANKIND....



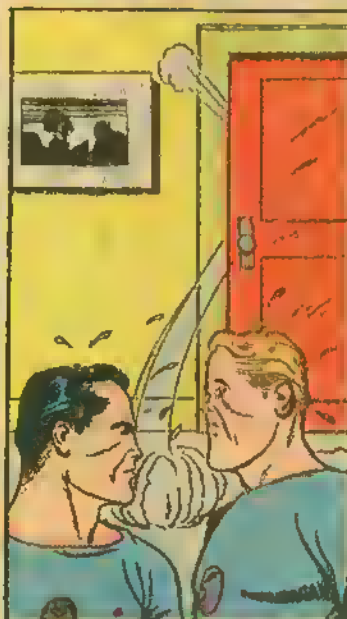
WITHIN THE CAMOUFLAGED BARRACKS
A DEBATE IS TAKING PLACE....



AMERICA CAN TAKE
CARE OF HERSELF,
YES? OUR GREAT-
EST WORTH IS IN
THE STARVING
COUNTRIES OF
EUROPE, NO?

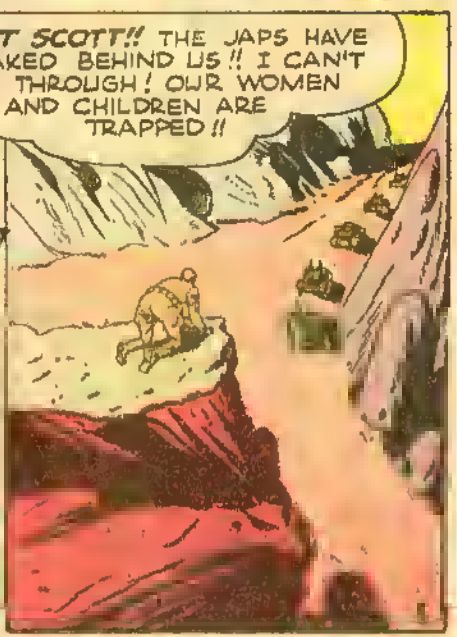
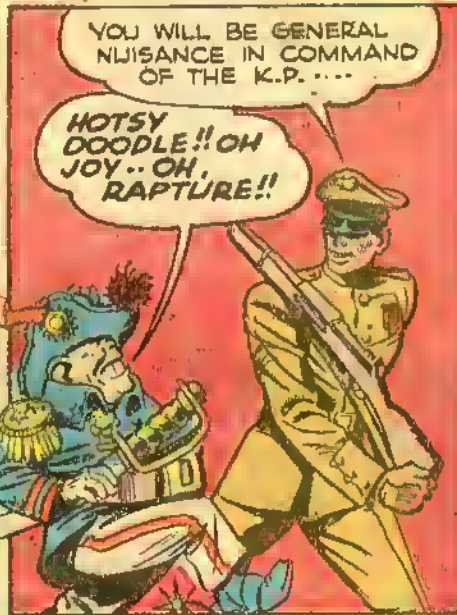
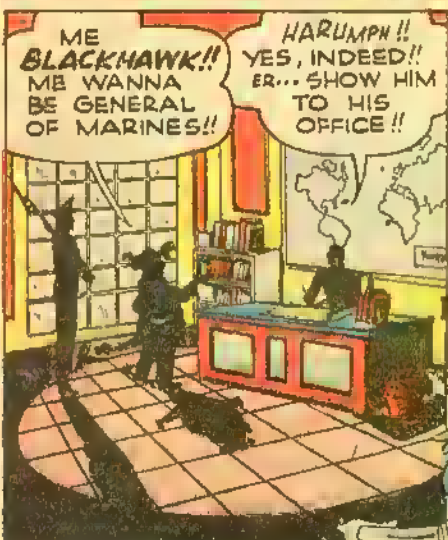
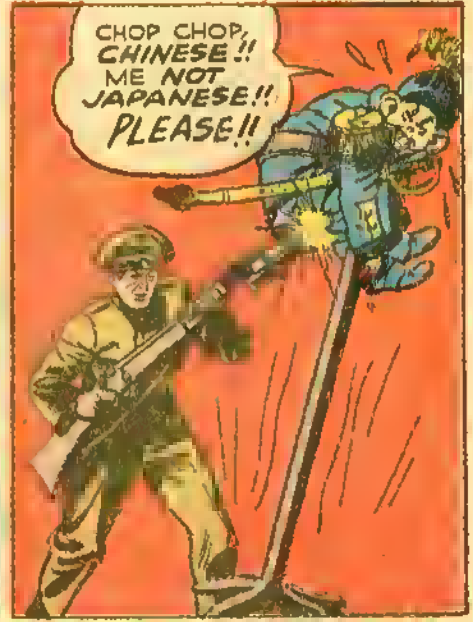
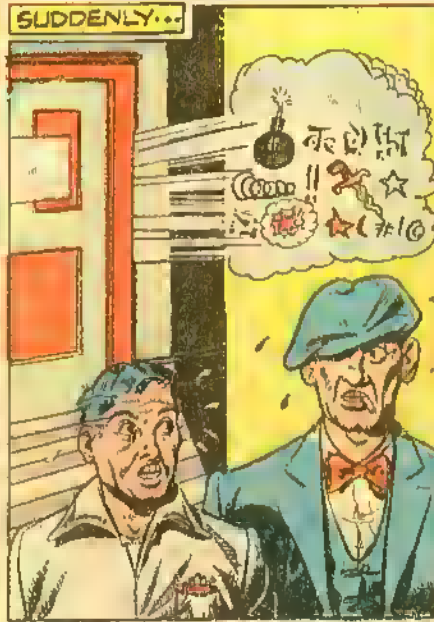


TALK, TALK, TALK!!! YOU
OUGHTA BE ASHAME! AMERICA...
ONLY COUNTRY IN WORLD WHERE
MAN CAN LIVE LIKE HOOMAN-
BEING IS THREATENED!! OKEY,
DOKEY... YOU TALK! ME PLOW
TO HELP AMERICA!! CHOP-CHOP
GO TO FIGHT!! GOOM-
BYE!!!



WELL, BOYS...I
GUESS WE'D BETTER GET
STARTED!!!







WELL.. IF I CAN'T GET THROUGH, I KNOW WHAT CAN!!

TATA TANTARA TA TA



TA TARATA TA TA

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



SHTOP HIM!! SILENCE HIM, YOU FOOLS!!

TA TAA

BELOW, IN THE VILLAGE....



HEAR THAT BUGLE? QUICK... GET EVERY ONE INTO THE BOATS!!

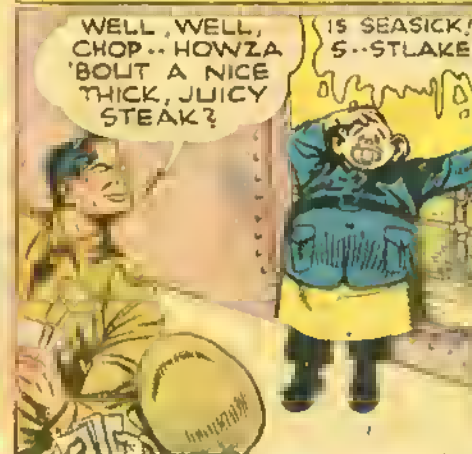
QUICKLY AND QUIETLY, THE AMERICANS LOAD THE BOATS WITH THEIR FEW POSSESSIONS AND PUSH OUT ONTO THE OCEAN...



THEY'VE ESCAPED!! YOU FOOLS!! ACH!! WHY DOES MY LEADER TROUBLE HIMSELF WITH YOU... YOU... YOU...!! GO AFTER THEM!! CONTACT THE NAVY... DESTROY THEM!! THEY MUST SERVE AS AN OBJECT LESSON!!

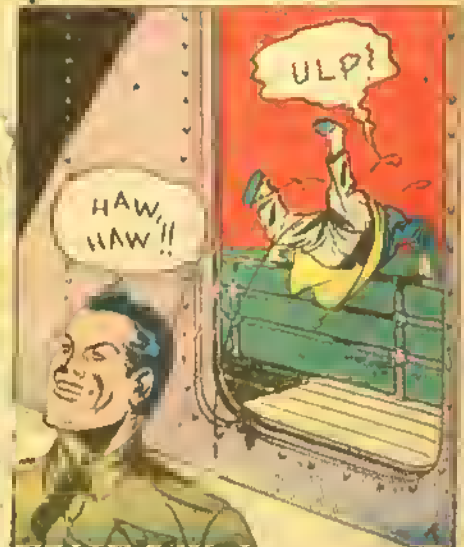


... AND ON AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT APPROACHING THE PHILIPPINES



WELL, WELL, CHOP.. HOWZA 'BOUT A NICE THICK, JUICY STEAK?

IS SEASICK! S--STLAKE?

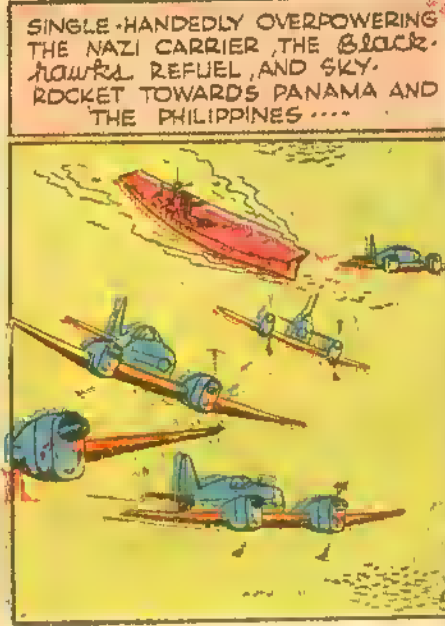
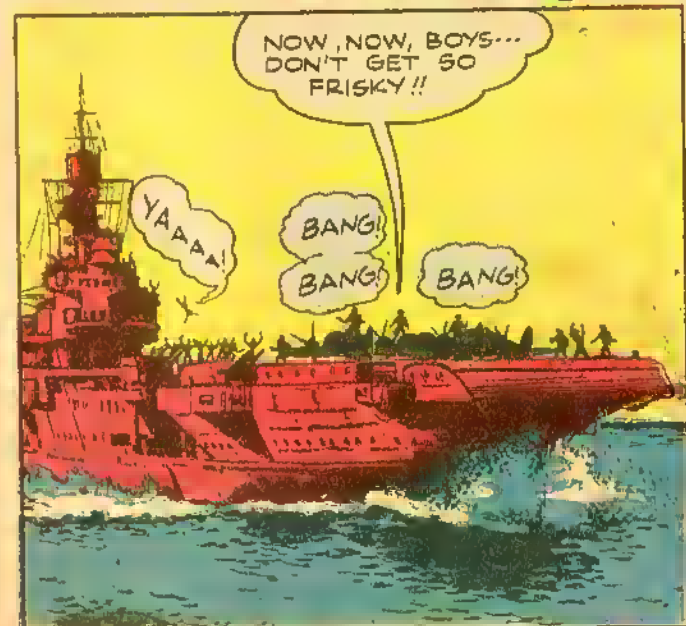
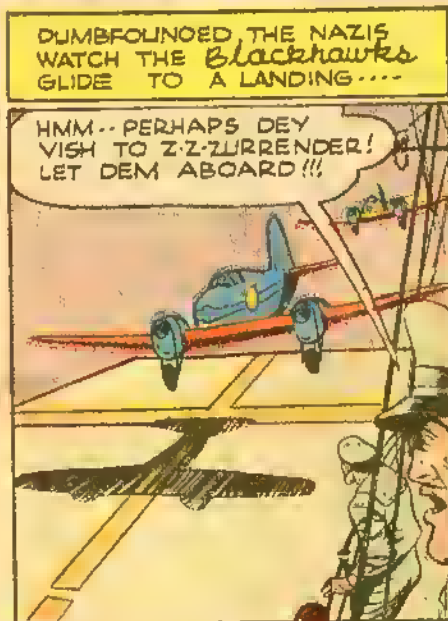
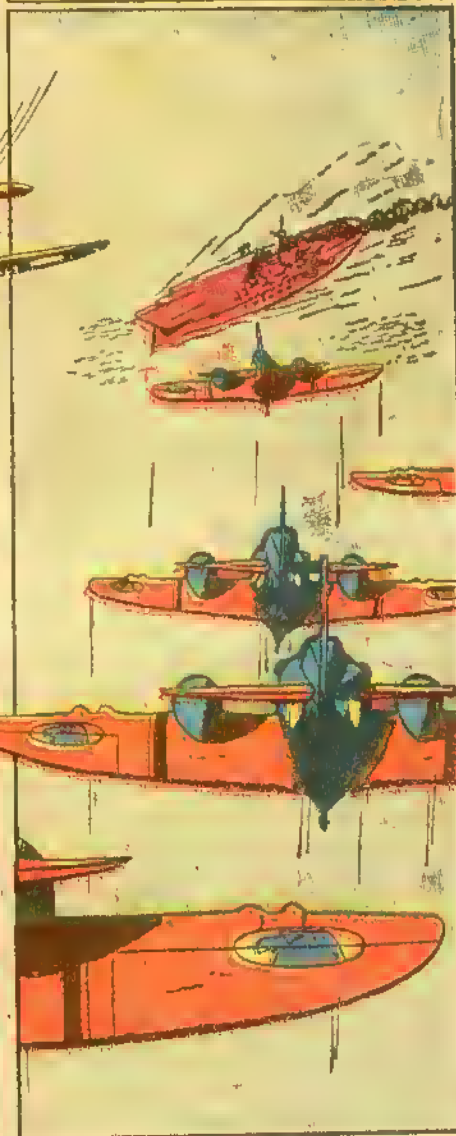
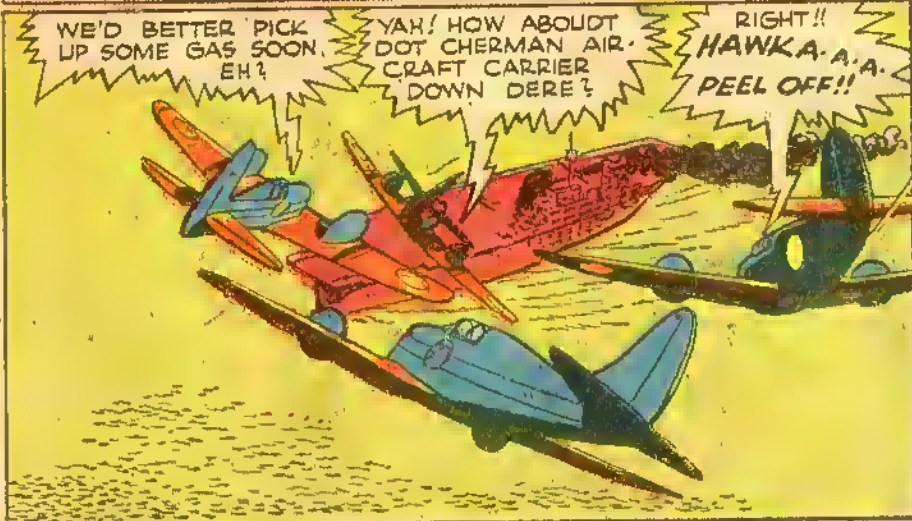


ULP!

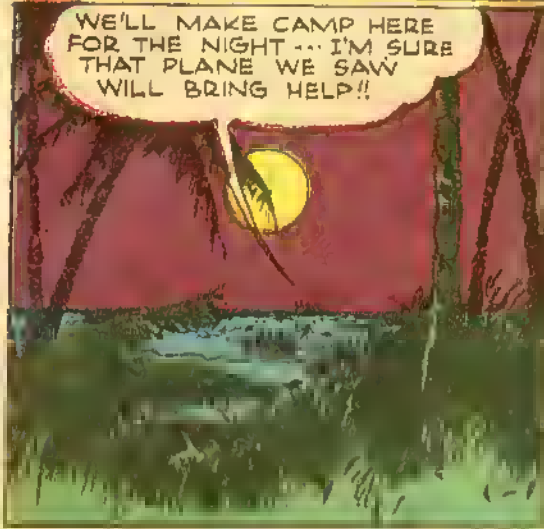
HAW!! HAW!!

MEANWHILE, THE *Blackhawks*, HAVING DISCOVERED CHOP CHOP'S WHEREABOUTS, ARE WINGING SWIFTLY SOUTHWARD TOWARDS PANAMA ... EN ROUTE TO THE WAR-TORN PHILIPPINES

WITH POWERFUL MOTORS SCREAMING, THE *Blackhawks* ROAR DOWN ON THE NAZI CARRIER



MEANWHILE, THE AMERICAN REFUGEES HAVE REACHED AN UNINHABITED ISLE...



SURE ENOUGH... AS CHOPS' SHIP DOCKS...

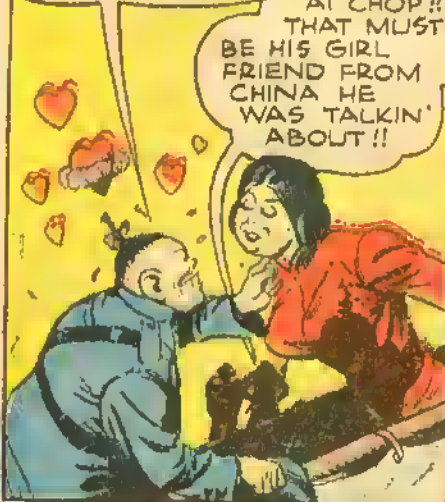


AS THE RED CROSS GIRLS FALL IN...

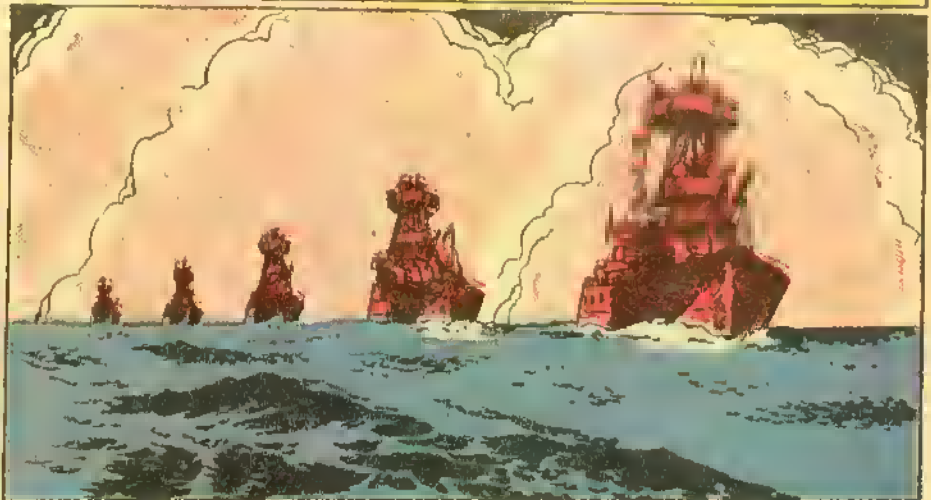


OH, JOY!! IS DELICIOUSNESS!! OH, HAPPY, SLAP. HAPPY CHOPS!!

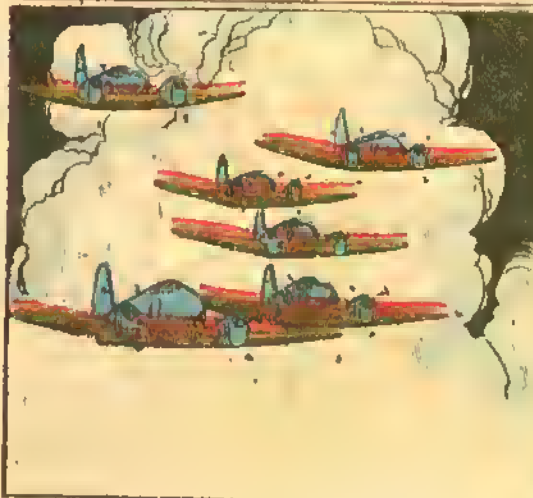
WILL YA LOOK AT CHOP!! THAT MUST BE HIS GIRL FRIEND FROM CHINA HE WAS TALKIN' ABOUT!!



AND A LITTLE TO THE SOUTH, A UNIT OF THE IMPERIAL FLEET, UNDER ORDERS FROM BERLIN, SCOURS THE AREA FOR THE HELPLESS REFUGEES IN ORDER TO MASSACRE THEM AS AN OBJECT LESSON...



...AND ON THE LAST LEG OF THEIR MAD DASH THE Black-hawks COME ROARING DOWN THE STRETCH...

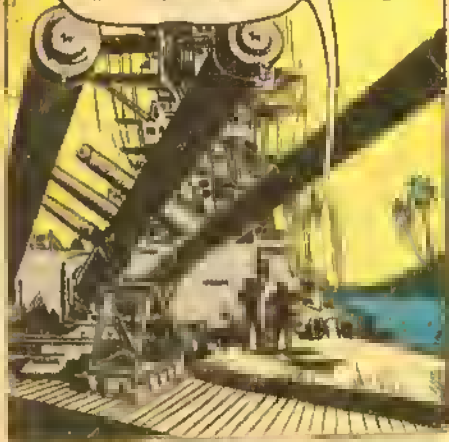


THUS... FROM THREE DIRECTIONS COME THREE MILITARY UNITS... ALL CONVERGING ON ONE SPOT... AND AS THE SUN SINKS LOWER, THUNDER RUMBLES IN THE EAST... HARBINGER OF IMPENDING DOOM...



THE AMERICAN RESCUE SHIP
ARRIVES FIRST ...

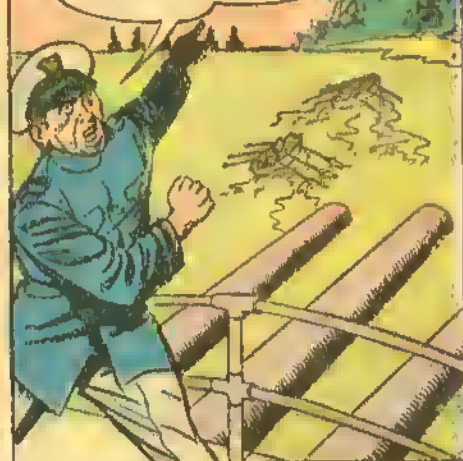
THERE THEY ARE ... SEND
FOOD AND MEDICAL
SUPPLIES ASHORE
IMMEDIATELY !!



HOTSY TOTSY !!
CHOP CHOP WASHINGTON
CROSSING DELAWARE !!



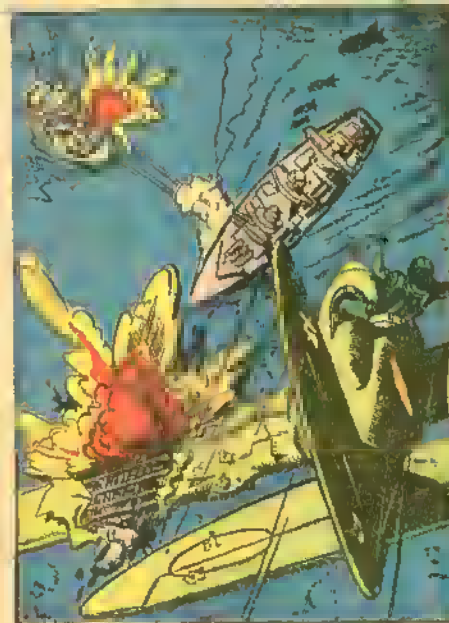
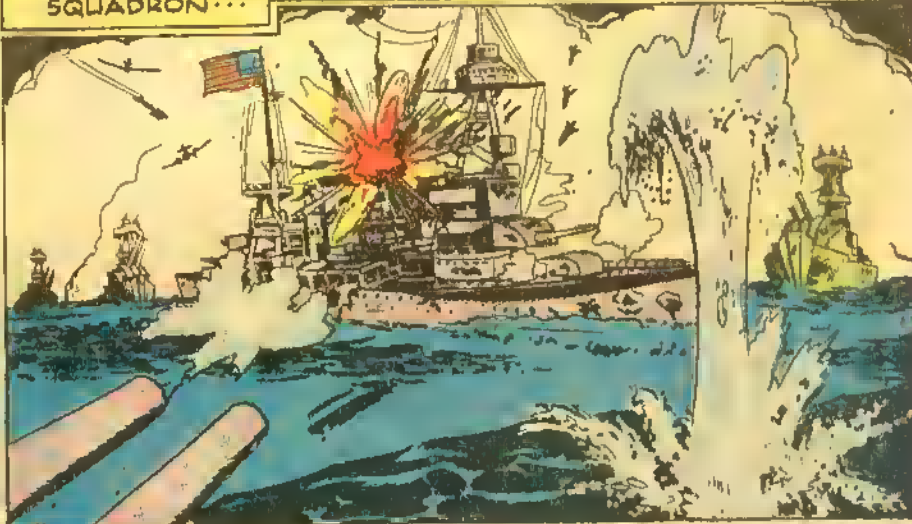
BALLS OF FIRE !!
THE WHOLE
G*LL!!**!!
JAPANESE NAVY
JUST PUSSYFOOTED
IN !!



**HOPPIN HORNE
TOADS! LOOK AT
THOSE PLANES !!
MAN THE GUNS!!
BATTLE
STATIONS! FULL
SPEED AHEAD!!**
Relax!!**!!**!!
RADIO OUR
POSITION !!



KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THEY ARE GOING TO THEIR
DEATH THE AMERICAN GUNNERS BLAST THEIR WAY
STRAIGHT INTO THE GUNS OF THE SUPERIOR JAPANESE
SQUADRON...

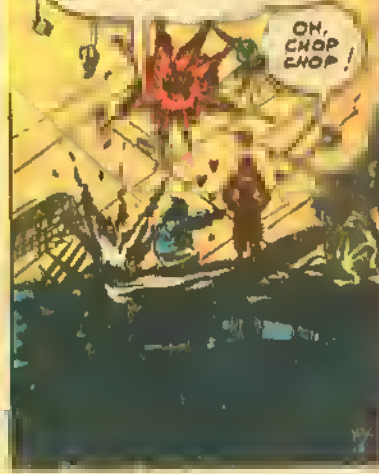


HAVE A
PINEAPPLE,
LITTLE BROWN
BROTHER !!



MEANWHILE ON THE
TINY ISLE----

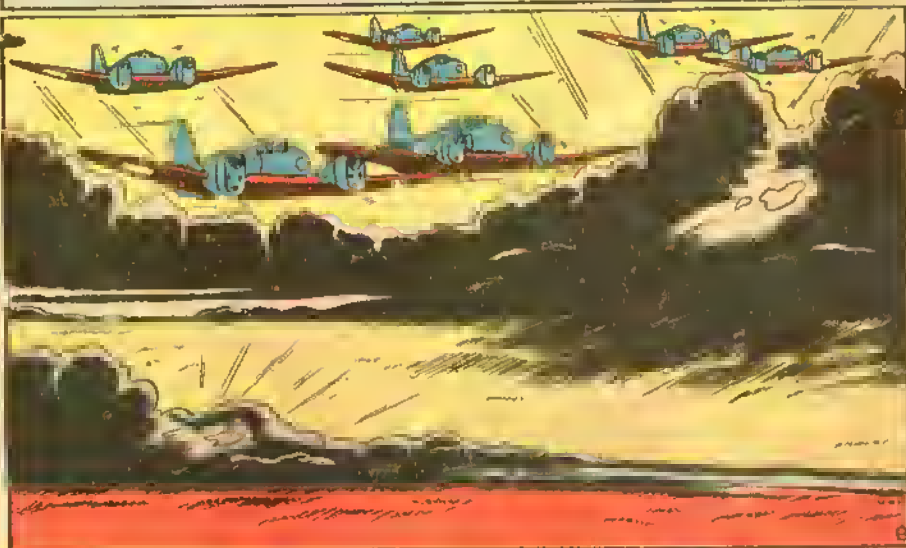
AH, LITTLE FLOWAH
OF CHOPS' HEART!!
LITTLE GOOTCH !!



BOILING VOLCANOES!!
WE'RE DONE FOR
UNLESS WE GET
HELP!!



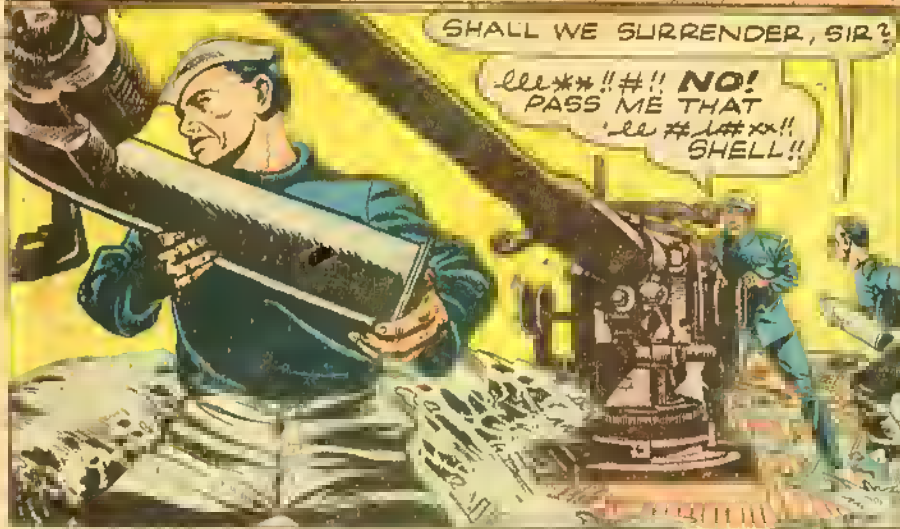
SUDDENLY, A THUNDERBOLT STRIKES FROM THE SOUTH, AND THE **Blackhawk** HURTLE INTO THE FRAY!!



... SOON THE AIR IS
A MASS OF TWISTING, TURNING
PLANES AS THE BLAZING **Blackhawk** GUNS SEND
ONE JAP AFTER ANOTHER CRASHING TO HIS DOOM...



MEANWHILE, BELOW...THE GALLANT CREW OF THE "EL PASO" FACES CERTAIN DEATH, AS THEIR SHIP, NO LONGER ABLE TO NAVIGATE, FLOUNDERS ALONG WITH DECKS AWASH...



AND ON THE ISLE....



BREATH OF THE OCTOPUS!! HOW CAN THOSE FOOLS KEEP FIGHTING?!! THEY'VE ALREADY SUNK FOUR OF OUR VESSELS!! IT'S **INCREDIBLE!!**



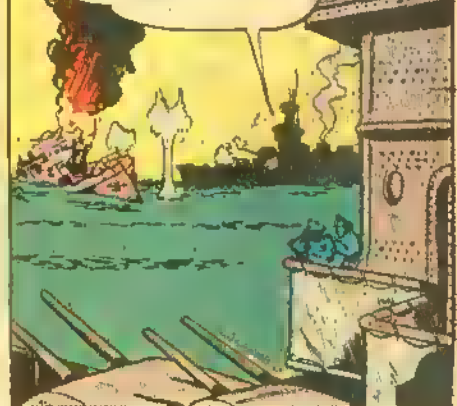
PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER WITHDRAW??

OH, NO!! HERR CAPTAIN VON SCHMOOTZ WOULD NEVER PERMIT IT!!

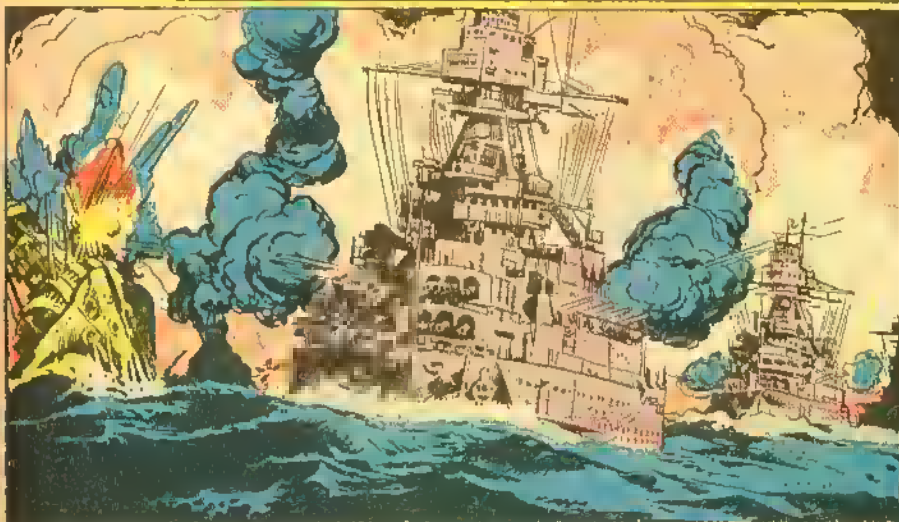


SUDDENLY, UNNOTICED IN THE CONFUSION, THE UNITED STATES FLEET STEAMS ONTO THE SCENE...

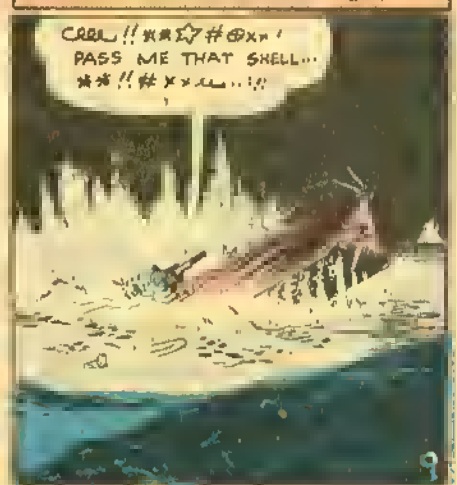
BY GEORGE!! THE EL PASO IS STILL AFLOAT!! NO. 1 TURRET, READY....



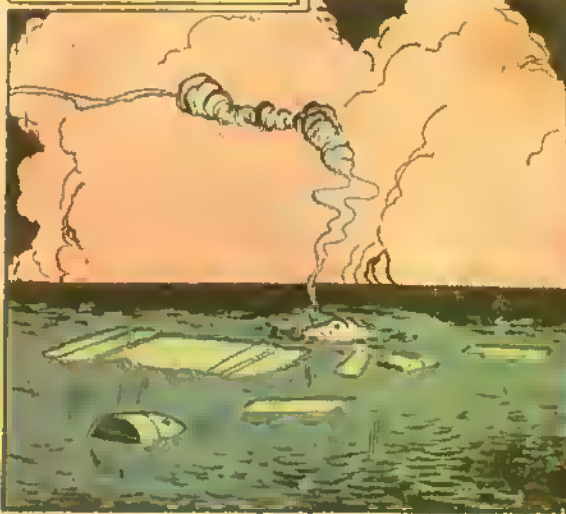
BROADSIDE AFTER BROADSIDE IS POUNDED INTO THE JAP FLEET... AND AS THE *Blackhawks* CLEAR THE SKIES, VICTORY IS ASSURED...



...BUT TOO LATE... FOR THE EL PASO SLIPS QUIETLY TO HER GRAVE... WITH HER COMMANDER STILL LOADING THE LAST REMAINING GUN...



IN A SHORT WHILE, THE SEA IS CALM...AND FLOATING DEBRIS IS THE ONLY REMINDER OF THE ONCE PROUD JAPANESE SQUADRON....



THE REFUGEES ARE BROUGHT ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP...



...AND A WREATH MADE BY THE GRATEFUL CIVILIANS IS TOSSED OVER THE GRAVE OF THE "EL PASO"...



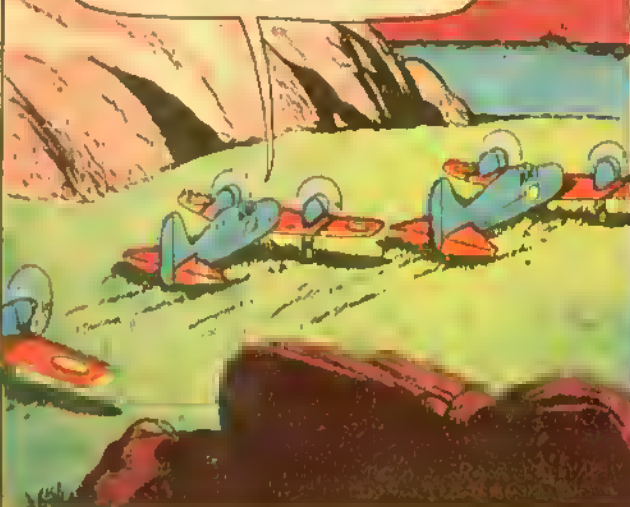
MEANWHILE...THE *Blackhawks* CRUISE LOW...SEARCHING FOR A SUITABLE BASE OF OPERATIONS...



HERE'S A GOOD SPOT!! LET'S GO!!



WELL, FELLAS... LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND...PERHAPS WE CAN USE THIS ISLAND AS A BASE FOR PACIFIC OPERATIONS....



LISTEN!! WHAT'S THAT??



FASTER, YOU FOOLS!! THE LEADER SHALL HEAR OF THIS!!

ME... ROCCO NICCOLA CARLO PIETRO DI GUINZABALO REPRESENTATIVE OF IL DUCE I THINK...

SHADDAP!!





BLACKHAWK!!



BAH! YOU ALWAYS STRIKE FROM AMBUSH!! YOU RATS NEVER GIVE YOUR VICTIMS A CHANCE!! WHY IF I COULD GET MY GUN...



**SO THAT'S IT!!
TURN HIM LOOSE!!**



**GO AHEAD,
VON SCHMOOTZ!!
DRAW!!!**



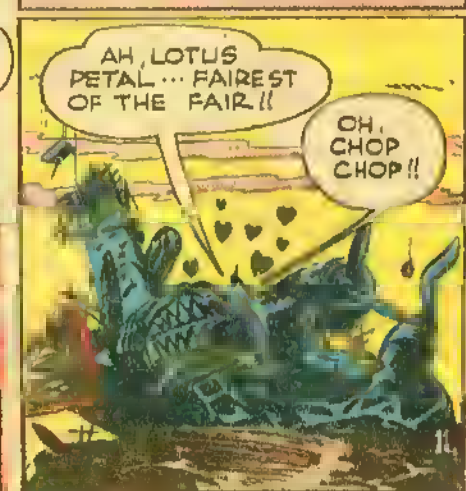
**HA, HA... I'VE TRICKED YOU!!
THIS SWIVEL
HOLSTER WAS
MADE FOR
FOOLS LIKE
YOU!**



**SAY!! THOSE OTHERS
ESCAPED!! THIS
ISLAND IS
WORTHLESS
WITH THEM
AT LARGE!!**

**BUT DEY ARE
NOT AT
LARGE!!
I YOOST
HAVE A
LITTLE "CHAT"
WITH THEM!!**

**THUS, ANOTHER ADVENTURE IS
BROUGHT TO A CLOSE
BUT WAIT... WHAT'S THIS
ON THAT LITTLE REFUGEE
ISLAND ???**



**AH, LOTUS
PETAL... FAIREST
OF THE FAIR!!**

**OH,
CHOP
CHOP!!**

The SNIPER

"THE LAST OF OBERGAST"

I AM THE **SNIPER** AND I HUNT THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL GAME... **MAN!** BUT COME WITH ME AS I TRACK DOWN AND DESTROY CAPTAIN **OBERGAST**... AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF THE TRUTH OF THE CHARGES AGAINST ME !!



GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS IN OCCUPIED FRANCE..

CAPTAIN OBERGAST... THE PRISONERS FOR QUESTIONING !!



AH!

FRAULEIN COLLINS, I BELIEVE... YOU ARE AN AMERICAN ?

Y..YES!!



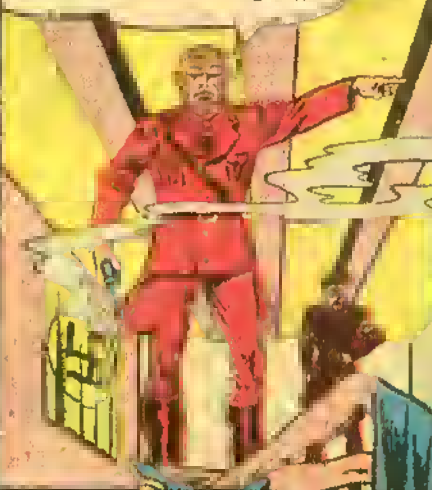
THUS WILL ALL AMERICA FALL TO US !!

THIS IS FOR BEING A YANKEE PIG !!

O.OOH!!

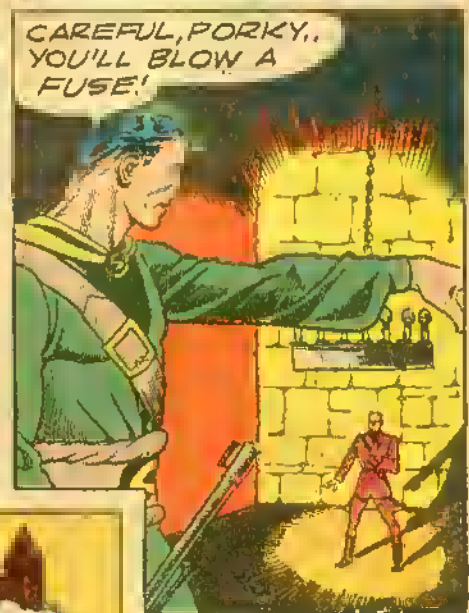
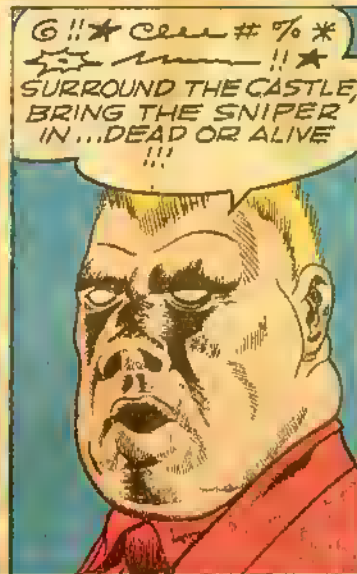


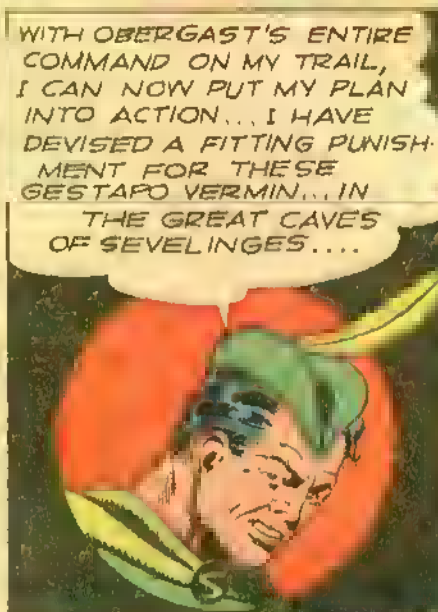
THROW HER CORPSE TO THE DOGS !!



FOR KILLING THIS MAN... AND OTHERS LIKE HIM... THE AXIS CALLS ME A MURDERER! BUT COME, THE HUNT HAS SCARCE BEGUN !!!







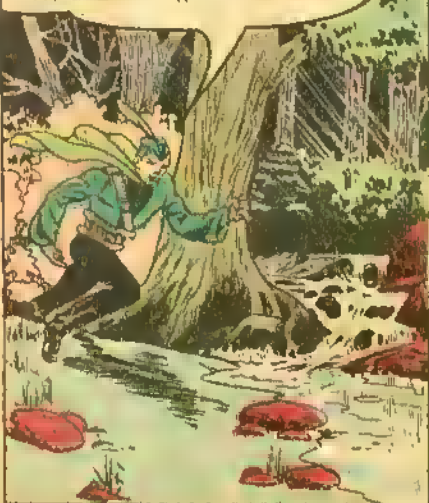
INFURIATED, THE NAZIS CRASH FORWARD, UNAWARE OF THE SHARPENED STAKE IN THEIR PATH...



PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER USE SEARCHLIGHTS AND PROCEED MORE... ER... SLOWLY, YAH?



I'LL LEAVE A PERFECT TRAIL STRAIGHT TO THE CAVERNS! THEY CAN'T MISS IT!!



AND NOT FAR BEHIND, COME THE GESTAPO WOLVES... MOVING IN FOR THE KILL...



HE IS HEADED FOR THE GREAT CAVES... HAH! FROM THEM, THERE IS NO WAY OUT!!



SPREAD OUT AND SEARCH EVERY INCH OF SPACE!!



SOONER OR LATER, THE SNIPER WILL GO UP A DEAD END...



BANG! AND WHEN HE DOES... ULP!!



DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CAVERNS, RACES THE SNIPER..



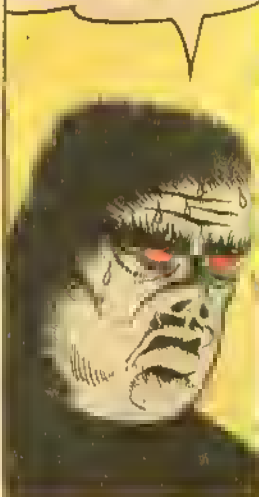
COMPLETELY LOST IN THE ENDLESS TUNNELS, THE NAZIS DASH MADLY IN PURSUIT OF THE SNIPER... SUDDENLY...



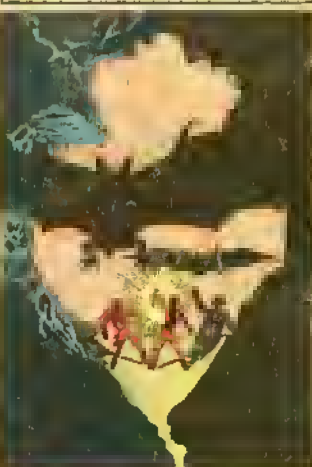
QUICKSAND!!



ACH! HORRIBLE! P-PROCEED M-MORE C-C-CAREFULLY!



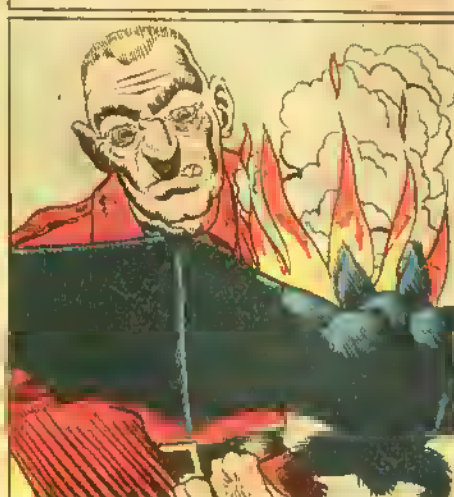
SUDDENLY, FROM THE INNER RECESSES OF THE CAVES, HUGE, BLACK SHAPES APPEAR..



YAAAAA!! CAVE BATS! WATCH OUT FOR THE LIGHTS!!



ATTRACTED BY THE LIGHTS, THE GREAT BATS SMASH THEM.. LEAVING THE NAZIS IN DARKNESS..



THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN I EXPECTED! NOW FOR THE GRAND FINALE!!



ACH! YOU CANNOT SEE TWO FEET IN FRONT OF... ULP!!



HE IS OUT OF AMMUNITION.. SEIZE HIM QUICKLY.. HE IS OUR ONLY HOPE TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE..



THE NAZIS DASH FORWARD, UNAWARE OF THE CHASM IN THEIR PATH.. SUDDENLY...



YOU FIEND! YOU TRICKED US! YOU'VE DESTROYED MY ENTIRE COMMAND!!



WHERE ARE YOU?!! C★!! C THIS DARKNESS!! SPEAK!! BLAST YOU!!



CAPTAIN OBERGAST...!! THIS IS YOUR PUNISHMENT. ALONE IN THIS BLACKNESS YOU WILL LIVE AND DIE, FOR ONLY I KNOW THE WAY OUT..



NO, NO! DON'T LEAVE ME! I AM AFRAID OF DARKNESS! I AM AFRAID OF... DEATH!



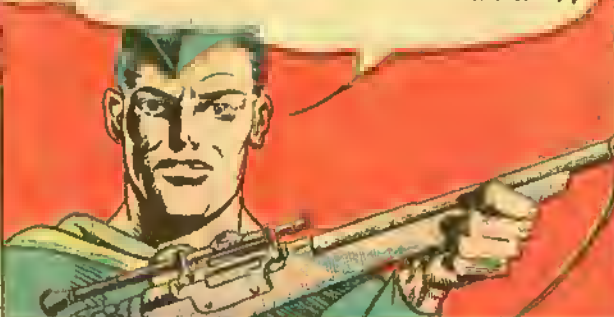
GULP! HE'S GONE! GONE! AND ONLY A HANDFUL OF MATCHES.. BETWEEN ME AND THIS AWFUL DARKNESS! LIGHT, I MUST HAVE LIGHT!!



NO LONGER WILL OBERGAST AND HIS BUTCHERS SLAUGHTER INNOCENT CIVILIANS! BUT THERE ARE OTHERS, AND MY WORK GOES ON...

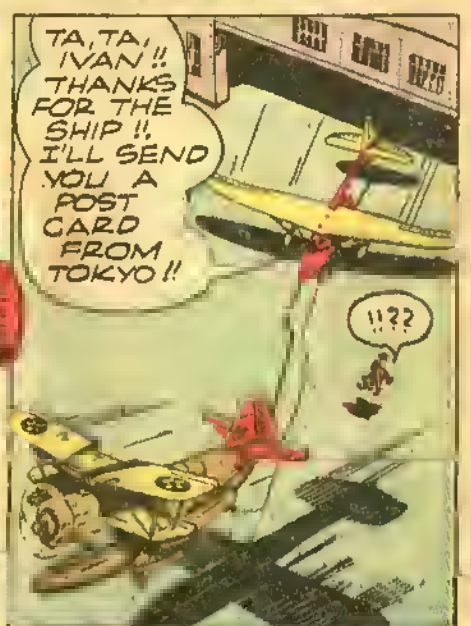
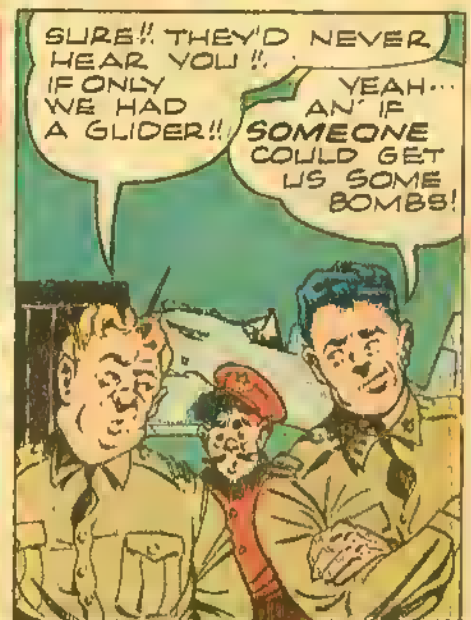
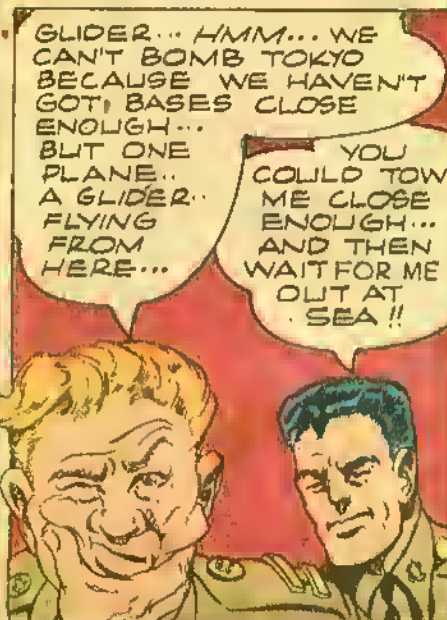
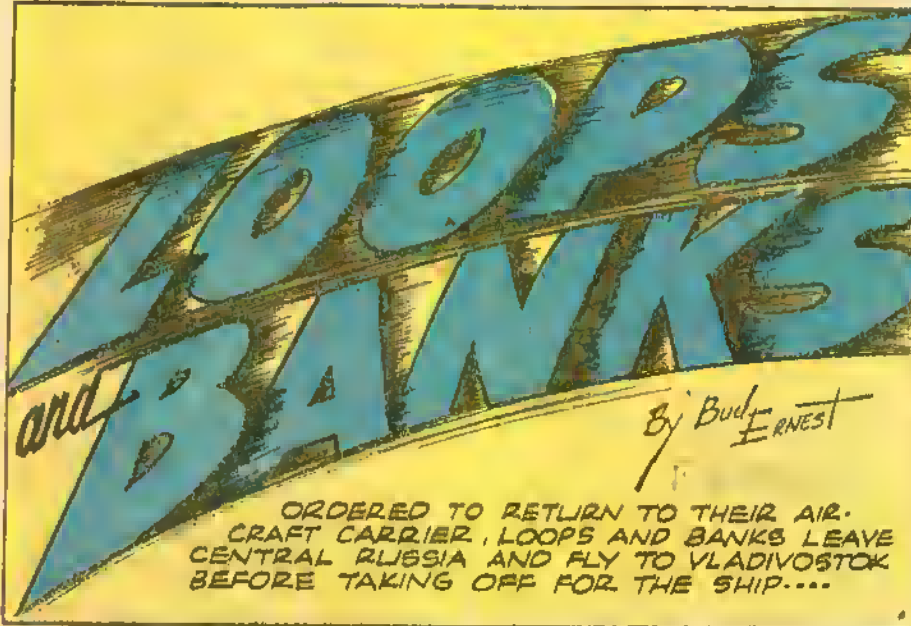


I COULD HAVE KILLED OBERGAST IN HIS CASTLE, BUT THAT WOULD HAVE LEFT INTACT, AN EFFICIENT ORGANIZATION OF TORTURERS, MURDERERS, AND HALF-HUMAN BEASTS.. I HAD TO DISPOSE OF THEM ALL.. AND MURDERER OR NOT, I WILL NEVER REST WHILE FIENDS LIKE OBERGAST STILL PREY ON HELPLESS HUMANITY!



AND LOST IN THE GREAT CAVES, SITS A WARNING TO THE REST OF HIS KIND... WAITING, WAITING FOR THE LAST RAY OF LIGHT TO GO OUT....

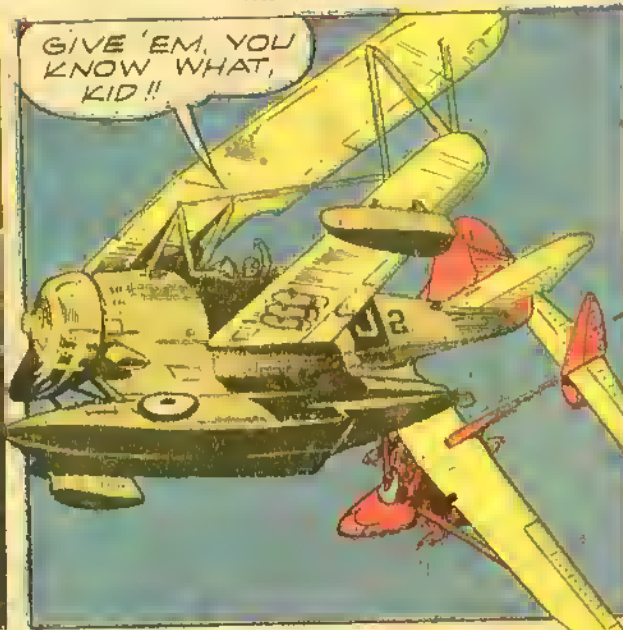




SEVERAL HOURS LATER LOOPS CLIMBS TO 30,000 FEET... WAGGLES HIS WINGS AND RELEASES BOMBS IN THE GLIDER...



GIVE 'EM, YOU KNOW WHAT, KID!!



AH!! THE LITTLE YELLOW CITY ITSELF!!



HECK, I CAN'T MAKE OUT A THING... I NEED LIGHT... THESE INCENDIARIES WILL HELP!!



HO, HO!! IT WORKED! WELL... IF IT ISN'T THE AIRPORT!!



WELL... IT WAS THE AIRPORT!! BOY... THIS IS SWEET PICKIN'!!

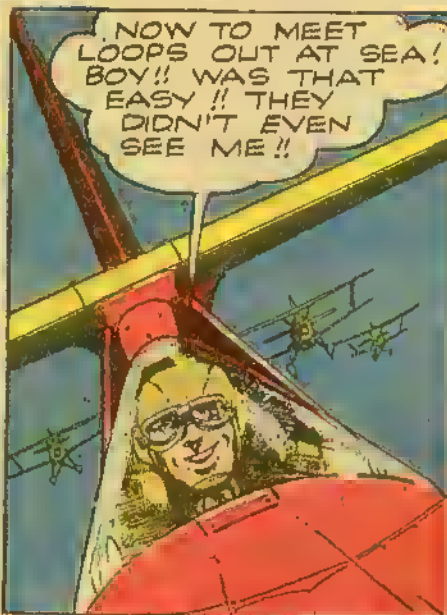


ONE MORE BOMB!! WHAT TO DO WITH IT?!! HELLO... LOOKS LIKE A RAILROAD JUNCTION... AND OIL TANKS!!

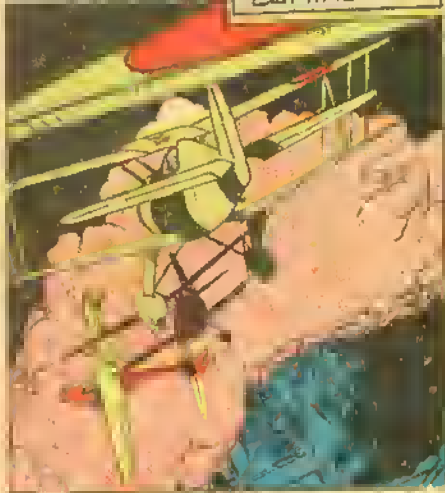


WHAT COULD BE MORE CONVENIENT?!!

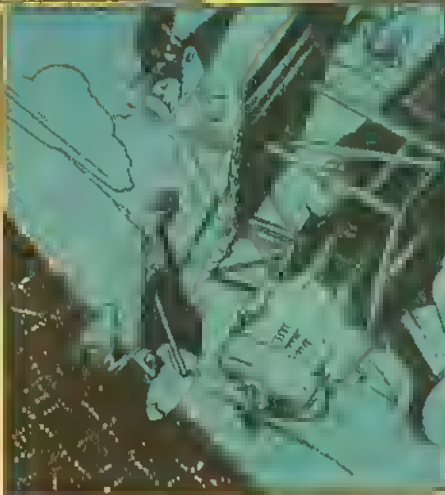




MEANWHILE, BANKS HAS HIS HANDS FULL, FOR A FLIGHT OF JAPANESE PURSUITS ATTACK FROM BEHIND...



HELPLESS, HE WATCHES HIS FRAIL SHIP METHODICALLY RIPPED TO PIECES... QUICKLY, HE DIVES....



GETTING BEYOND THE MANEUVERABLE RANGE OF THE PLANES HE GLIDES TO A BUMPY LANDING..



ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA COME OUT OF THIS DEAD..OH'OH! VISITORS!!



THEY'VE SPOTTED THE WRECK! I BETTER DUCK IN HERE!



WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW!! A JAP THEATRE COSTUMES, WIGS AND ALL!!! HOT DOGS! HERE'S WHERE I BECOME A GEISHA GIRL!!



おや!!

MMMMPH!! TEE'HEE!! YOU BIG APES..



WHAT A BUNCH OF APES! HA!! NOW TO GET TO THE DOCKS!!

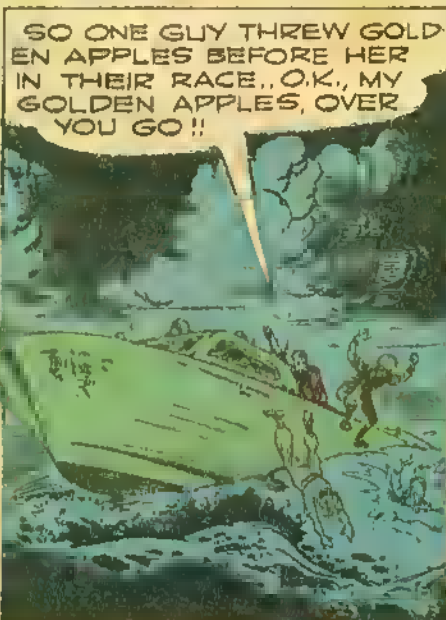


A FEW MINUTES LATER ON THE WATER-FRONT..



O.K., LEMON-FACE... MARCH!! BANZAI, KID.. HIT THE ROAD!!





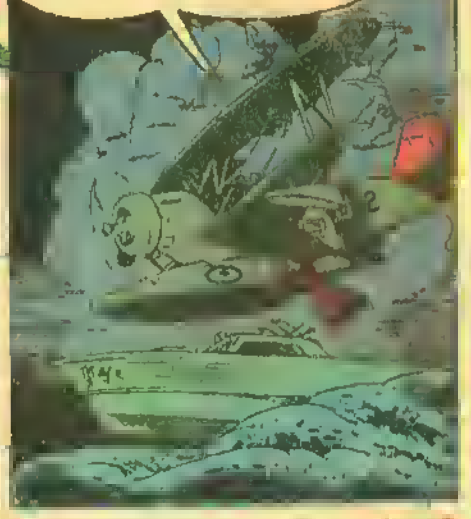
PUSHING THE THROTTLE DOWN TO THE FLOOR, AND CLOSING HIS EYES BANKS ZOOMS THROUGH THE SCATTERING BOATS...



ONLY ONE GUY WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO THAT!!



IT'S A GOOD THING I SAW THIS!! WELL, WELL... HAVEN'T WE GOT ON A PRETTY ORESS?!!



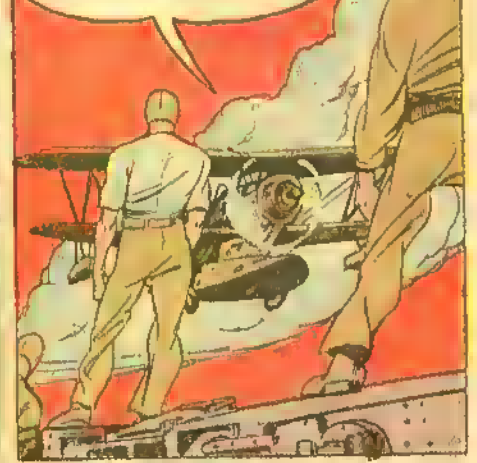
WHEW!! MY, MY-- "JACK DALTON"-- YOU CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME! HOW'D YOU KNOW IT WAS ME? I ASKED A PASSING PELI-- CAN, NUMBSKULL! COME ON... WE GOTTA MAKE TRACKS!!



AT DAWN, THE NEXT MORNING LOOPS MEETS THE CARRIER AT THE APPOINTED RENDEZVOUS.



OH, BOY, LOOPS... I BETCHA I GET A MEDAL OR SOMETHIN' FOR BOMBIN' TOKYO! JUST WATCH!!



WELL!! THAT'S A SNAPPY OUTFIT YOU HAVE ON!! WHERE'D YOU GET IT, LIEUTENANT?--IN TOKYO?!!

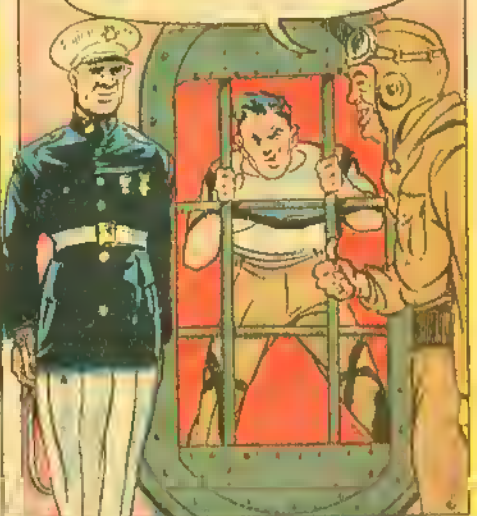
YES, SIR!! YOU SEE--




THIS IS HARDLY A TIME TO JOKE!! ... PERHAPS A FEW DAYS IN THE BRIG WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THAT!!



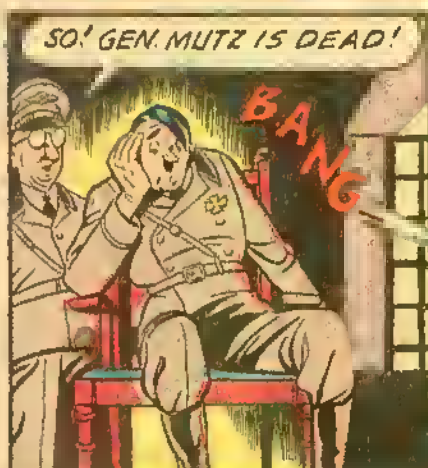
.. AN IF HE TALKS ABOUT HOW HE BOMBED TOKYO, JUST HUMOR HIM ALONG-- HE'S HARMLESS!!





By Nordling

YES, SHOT AND SHELL, WE KNOW FULL WELL, ARE IN A JAM AGAIN... YET COLONEL SAM, THE GREAT "I AM", RELIES UPON HIS SPEECH TO DELIVER HIM AND YOUNG FRIEND, SLIM, FROM A DARK AND ALIEN DEN, WHERE NAZI BARS AND THE HAND OF MARS KEEP FREEDOM OUT OF REACH.



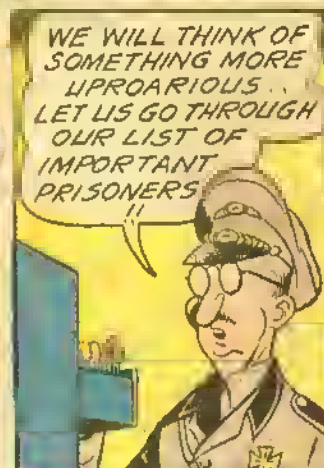
SO! GEN. MUTZ IS DEAD!

BANG



ACH, OUR LEADER IS STILL DEPRESSED. EXECUTIONS ARE DULL!

DO YOU BLAME HIM?.. THE RUSSIAN REVERSES.. THE BRITISH AERIAL OFFENSE.. COMMANDO RAIDS.. BALKAN GUERRILLA RESISTANCE.. MASS SABOTAGE... HIMMEL! THE FUTURE IS NOT ROSY...



WE WILL THINK OF SOMETHING MORE UPROARIOUS.. LET US GO THROUGH OUR LIST OF IMPORTANT PRISONERS



AH! PROF. INVUTZ, AND HERE. AN AMERICAN COLONEL OF SOME SORT WHOSE HUMILIATION MAY AMUSE OUR LEADER..

COL. SAM SHOT
American



DER LITTLE VUN, COME!

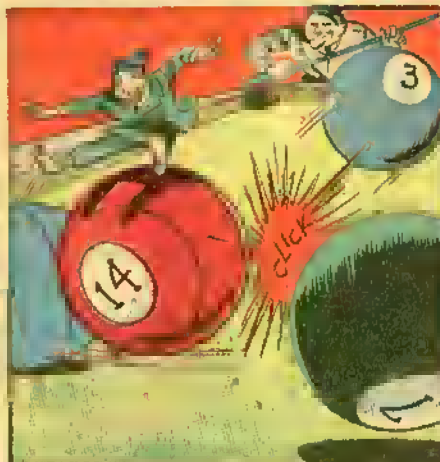
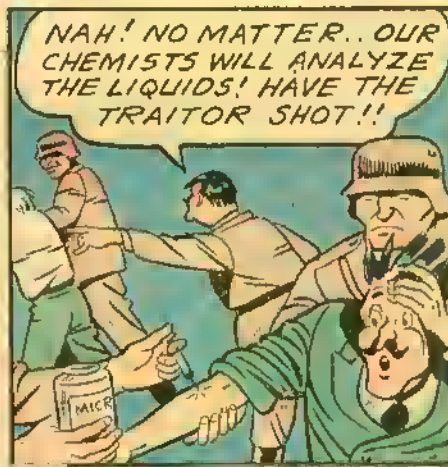
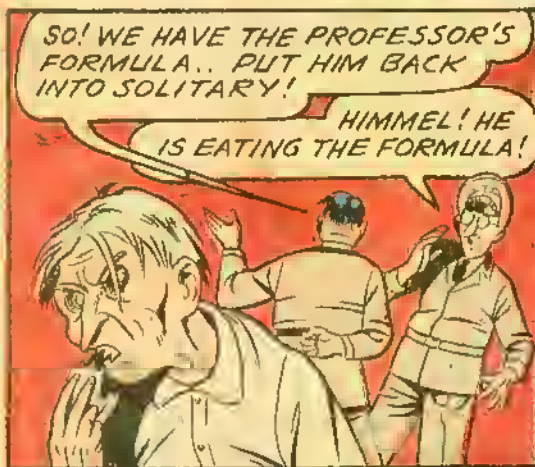
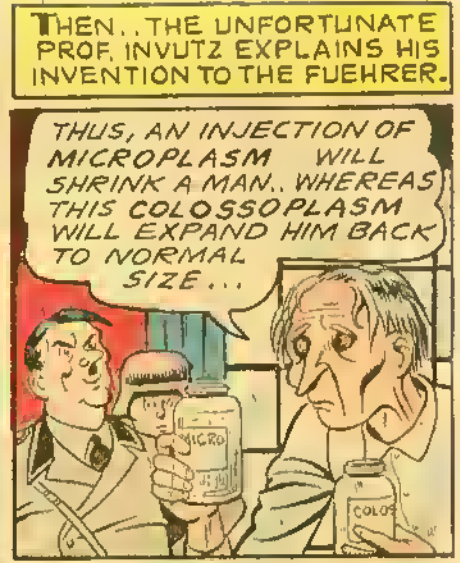
AHEM! NOW I SHALL EMPLOY MY TALENTS TOWARD OUR EARLY RELEASE!

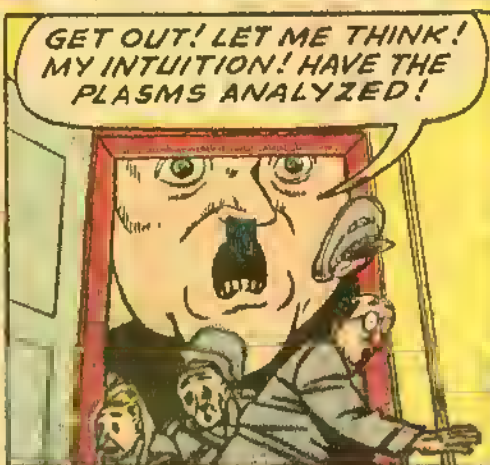
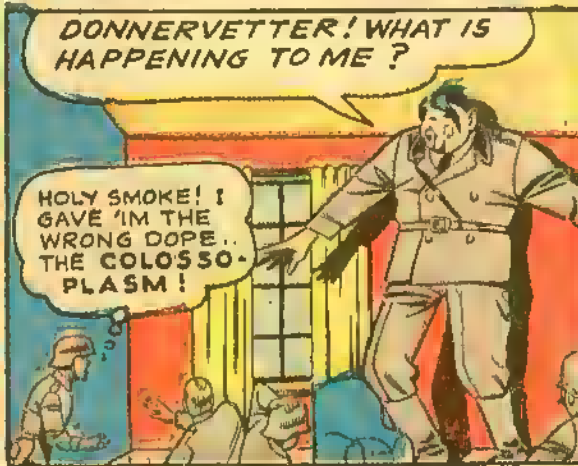
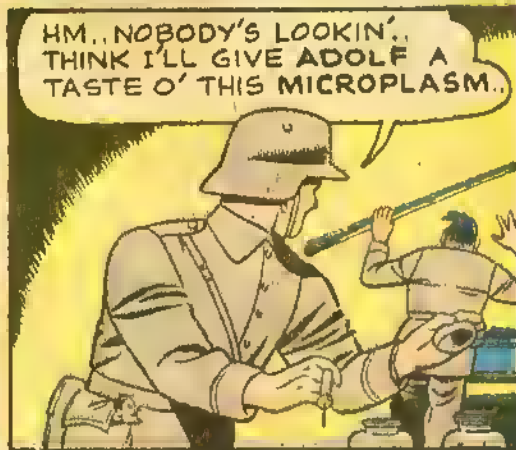
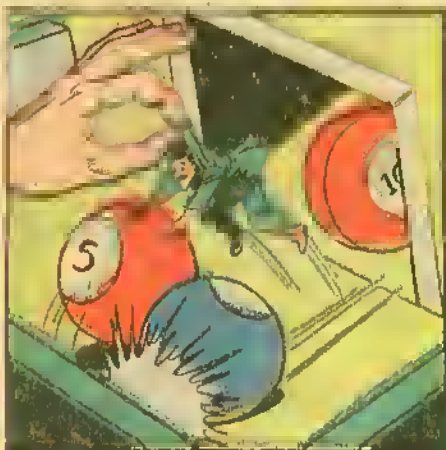


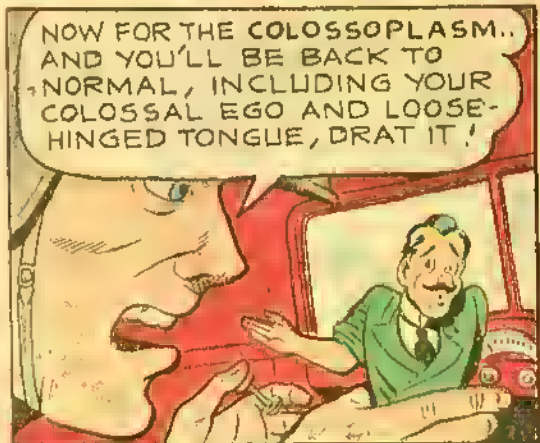
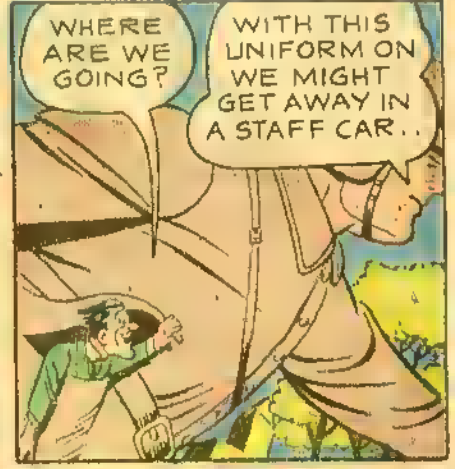
NOBODY'S GONNA OUTSMART ME!



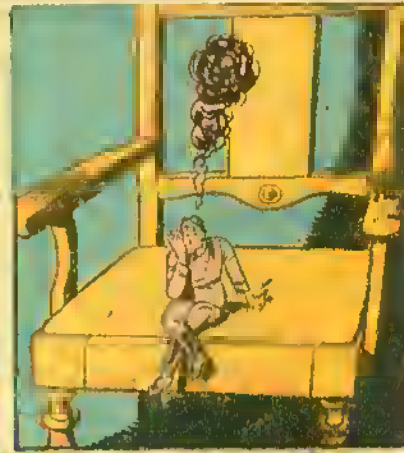
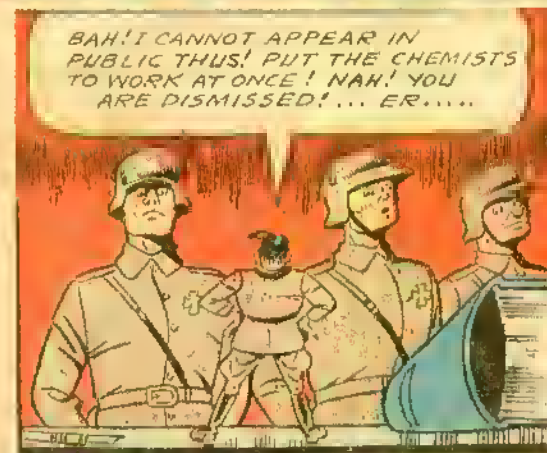
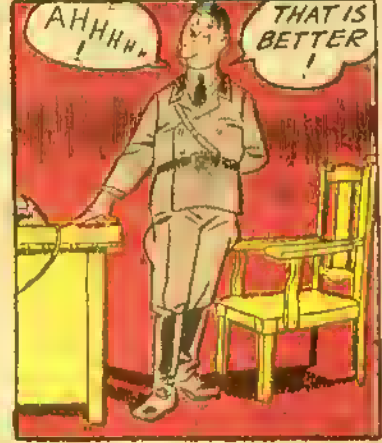
I AIN'T GONNA STAY IN HERE ALONE!





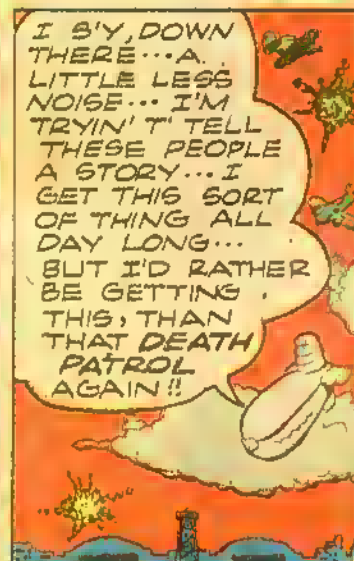
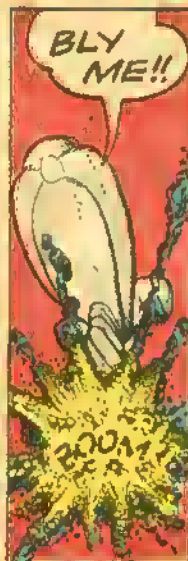
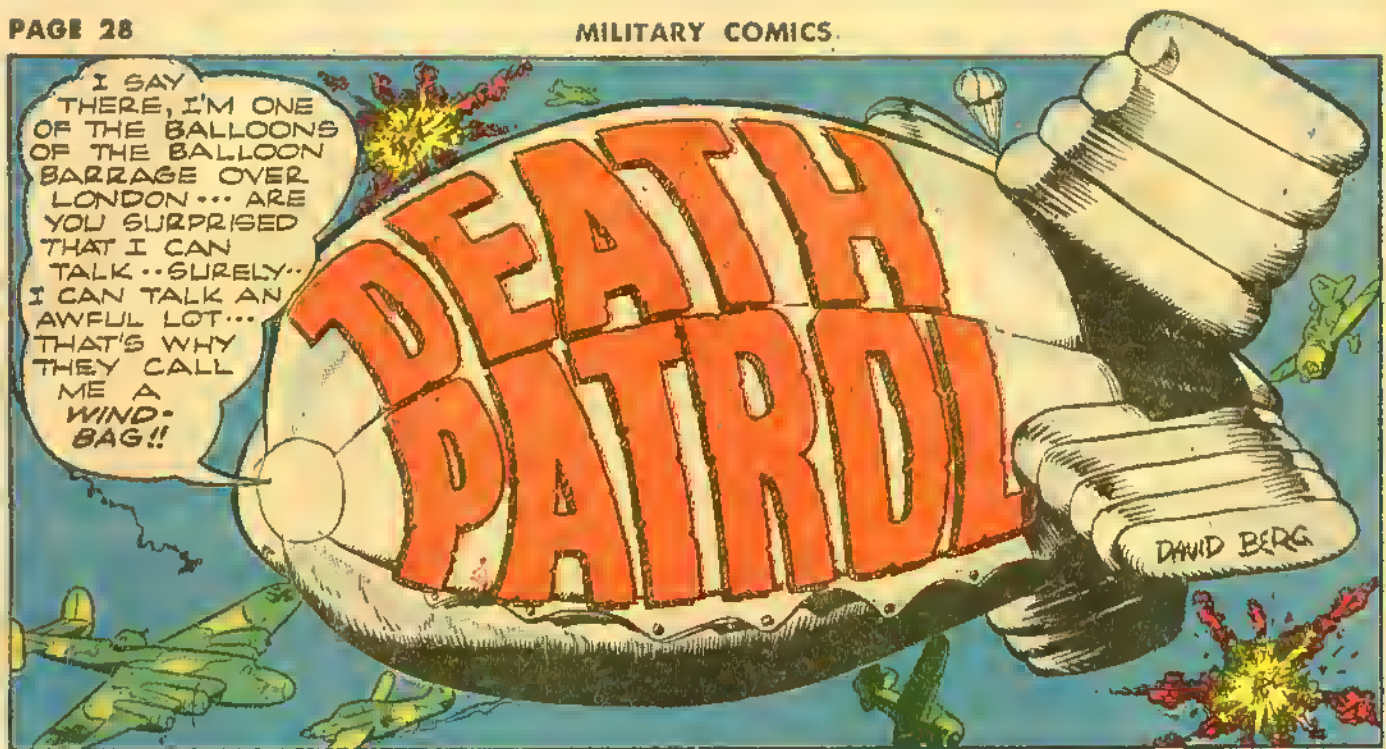


MEANWHILE



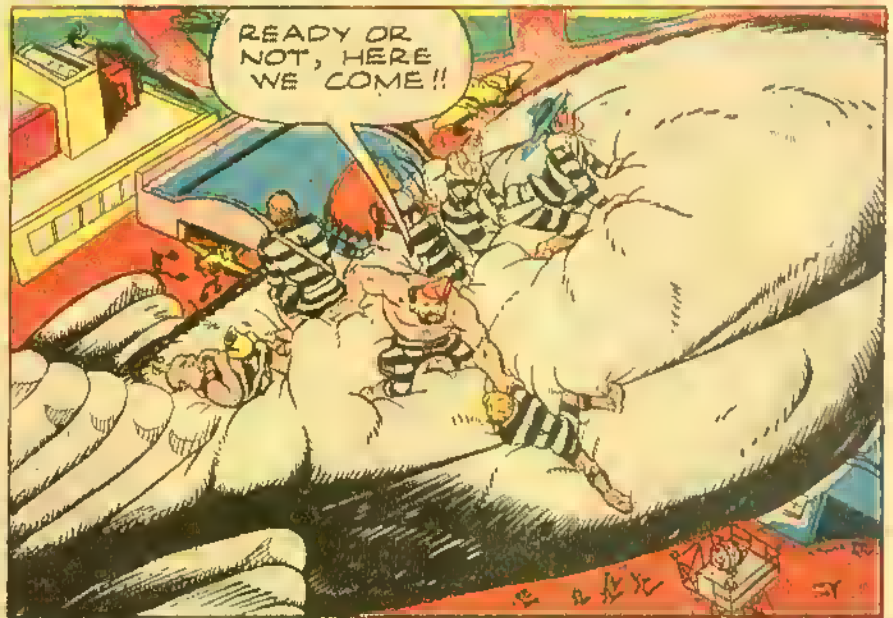
BORDER SWITZERLAND

FOLLOW THE FURTHER MISADVENTURES OF SHOT AND SHELL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MILITARY COMICS...

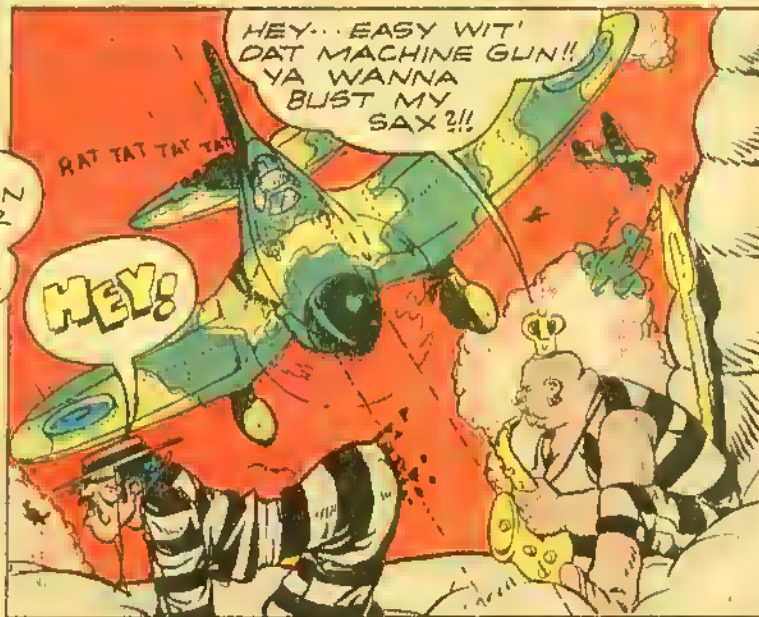
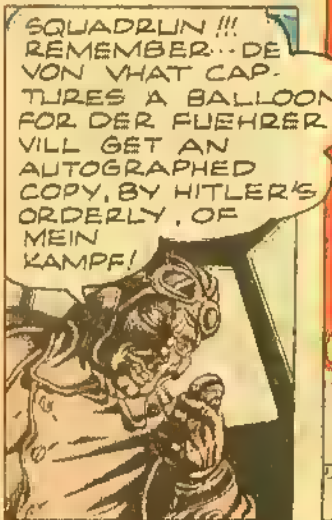




"AH LH..
I KNEW
WHAT
WAS
COMING,
AND BE-
FORE
YOLI CN
S'Y' GOD
SYVE
THE KING,
THE
BLIGHTERS
WERE
ASTRIDE
ME..."



"MEANWHILE, IN
ONE OF THEM
NAZI PLANES..."



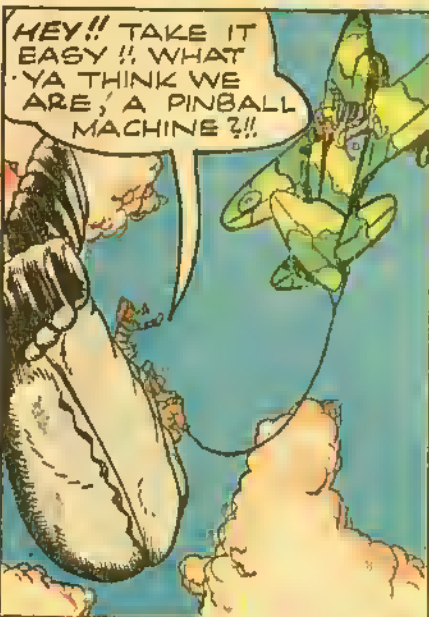
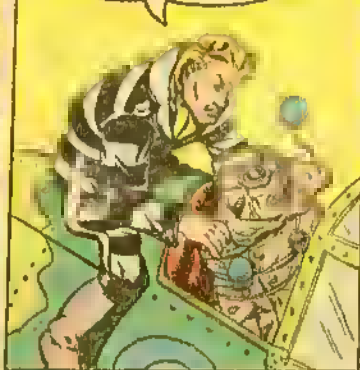
... BEFORE
I C'N
GATHER MY
WITS, THIS
DEL PER-
SON IS ON
THE DIS-
ABLED
SHIP...

... AND BEFORE I
KNOWS IT, HE'S IN IT.

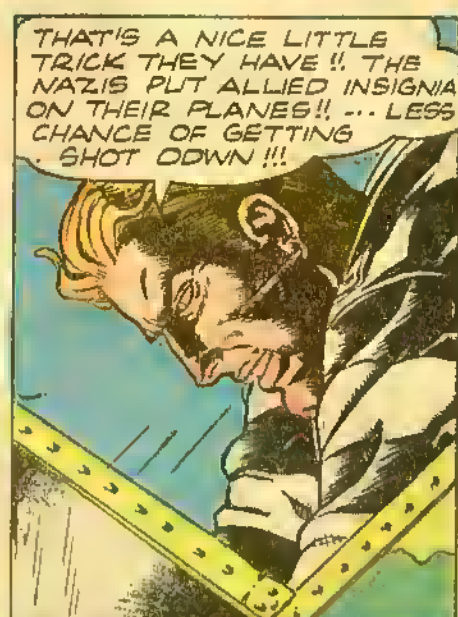
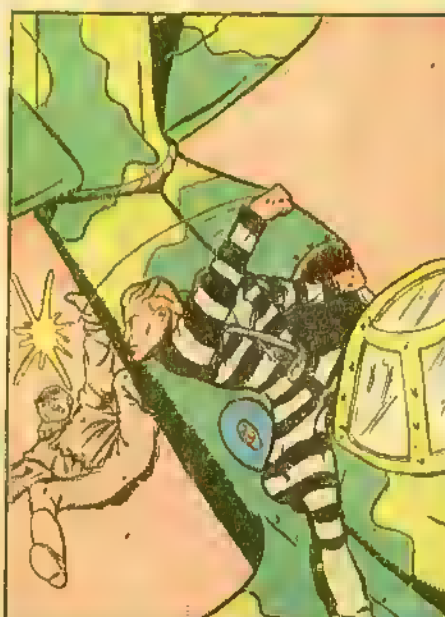
O.K., BUDDY... I'LL
HAVE YOU OUT OF
THIS IN A SEC....
HEY!! WHAT'S
THIS?!! A NAZI
UNIFORM!!!

DOT ISS RIGHT...
LIND TANK YDU,
YOU AMERICAN
PEES!!

NOW I'M
BEGINNING
TO CATCH
ON TO
A LOT
OF
THINGS!!



HEY!! TAKE IT
EASY!! WHAT
YA THINK WE
ARE, A PINBALL
MACHINE?!!



THAT'S A NICE LITTLE
TRICK THEY HAVE!! THE
NAZIS PUT ALLIED INSIGNIA
ON THEIR PLANES!! ... LESS
CHANCE OF GETTING
SHOT DOWN!!!



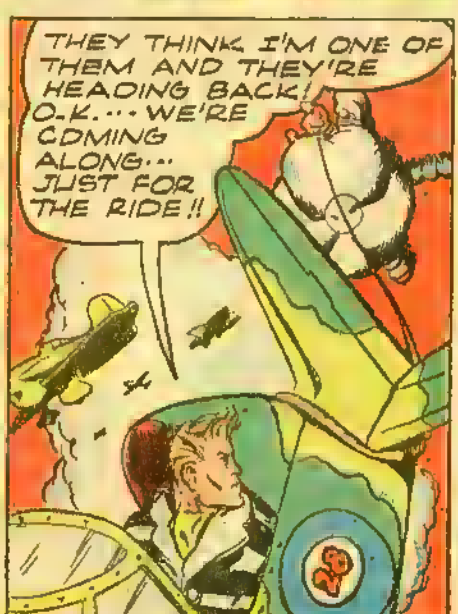
DJA SEE
THAT? DEL
KNOCKED OUT
A NAZI FROM
WHAT WE
THOUGHT WAS
AN ALLIED
PLANE!!

THEN THEY
WERE
NAZSTIES
PLANES
WE SHOOT
DOWNSKI
YESTERDAY!
COLONEL,
HE GROUND
US FOR IT!!



...AND IN ONE OF THE
JERRY'S PLANES...

GOOT VERK, NUMBER
28... YOU HAF CAP-
TURED A BALLOON!!
DER FUEHRER VILL
BE PLEASED!! VE
HAF ACCOMPLISHED
OUR PURPOSE!!
SQUADRUN, BACK
TO DAR BASE!!



THEY THINK I'M ONE OF
THEM AND THEY'RE
HEADING BACK!
O.K.... WE'RE
COMING
ALONG...
JUST FOR
THE RIDE!!

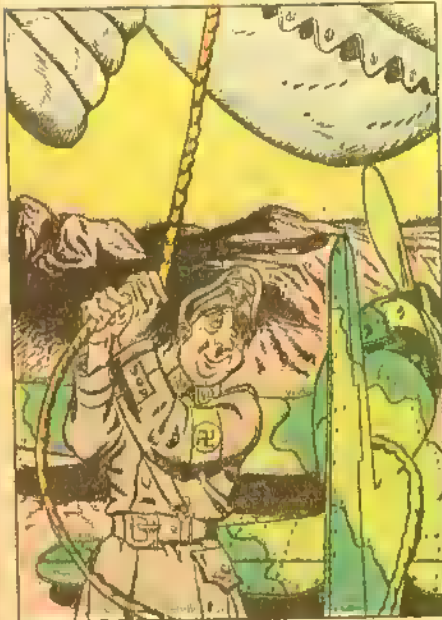
"JUST LIKE THAT, WITHOUT
EVEN A WHY OR WHERE.
FORE... WERE OFF TO
NAZILAND....



... AN WHEN WE GETS
THERE, 'ITLER 'IMSELF IS
THERE TO MEET US...
ONLY NOBODY SAW THE
DEATH PATROL ON ME...



YOU HAF BROUGHT OE
BALLOON! DAS IS GOOT!
SINCE I VUZ A LIOOLE
KNABE, I VANTEO TO
HOLO SLICH A BIG
BALLOON!! HERE...
LET ME
HOLD IT!!



HERR HITLER, ALLIED
BOMBERS ARE COMING!!
SHOULD VE SHOOT
NO, NO... ODEM DOWN!!
GO VAY...
ZEY ARE CHUST
OUR PLANES
IN DISGUISE!!



... AS YET, NOBODY HAD
DISCOVERED DEL'S REAL
IOENTITY....

HOLY SMOKES, THOSE
REALLY ARE ALLIED
PLANES!! THEY'LL NEVER
SEE THIS PLACE!! IT'S
TOO WELL CAMOU-
FLAGED!!

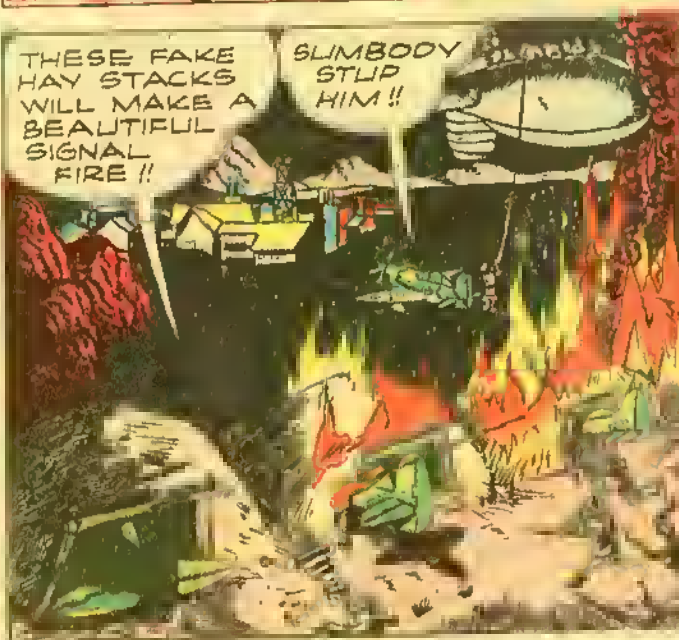


NOT UNLESS
I DO SOME-
THING ABOUT
IT!!



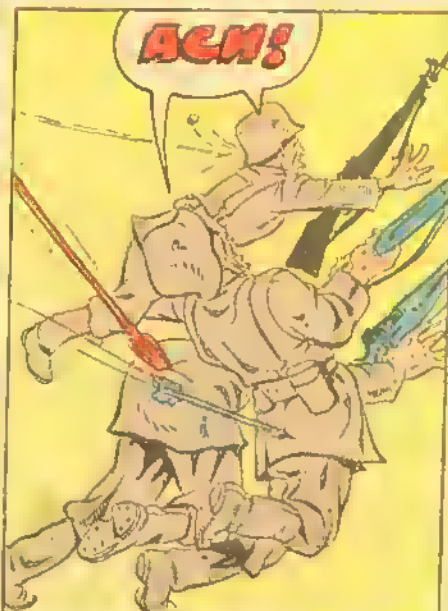
THESE FAKE
HAY STACKS
WILL MAKE A
BEAUTIFUL
SIGNAL
FIRE!!

SLIMBODY
STUP
HIM!!



LOOK!!!
DEL'S
HAVING
SOME
TROUBLE!!
LET'S HELP
HIM OUT!!

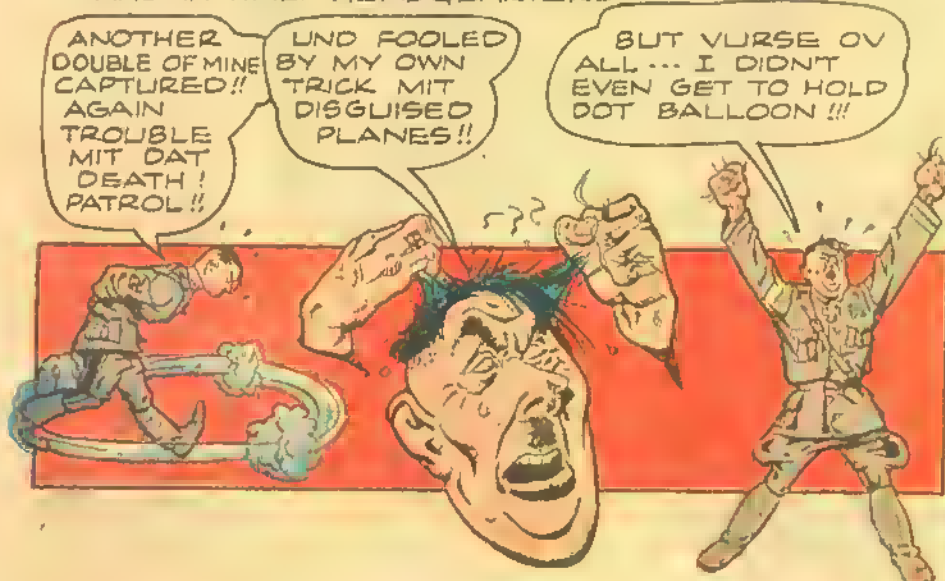




"--WITH THE AID OF THE SIGNAL THAT OEL SET OFF, THE ALLIED BOMBERS SUCCESSFULLY ANNIHILATED THE NAZI AIRDROME--"



...AND IN NAZI HEADQUARTERS...



Death Patrol comes to you in each issue of MILITARY COMICS.

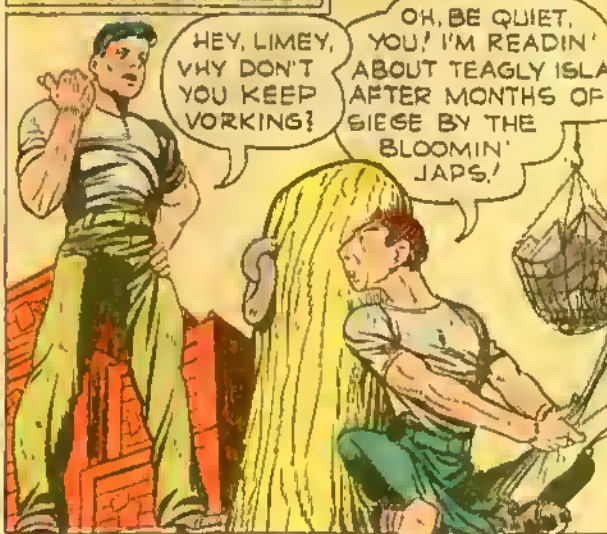
NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

"AYE, ME HEARTIES, SHE LOOKS NOTHING MORE THAN AN OLD SAILING VESSEL. BUT IN HER HOLD ARE THE MOST POWERFUL TURBINES TO GIVE HER SPEED, AND BENEATH THAT SEAWASHED TIMBER, ARE THE FINEST PLATES OF STEEL, AND HIDDEN ON HER DECKS ARE THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE GUNS MAN COULD MAKE. SO, IT'S NO WONDER HER ENEMIES CALL HER THE PHANTOM CLIPPER...."



IN A SMALL PORT IN AUSTRALIA RESTS THE PHANTOM CLIPPER, AS HER CREW FILLS HER HOLD WITH SUPPLIES...



HEY, LIMEY, WHY DON'T YOU KEEP WORKING!

OH, BE QUIET, YOU! I'M READIN' ABOUT TEAGLY ISLAND AFTER MONTHS OF SIEGE BY THE BLOOMIN' JAPS!

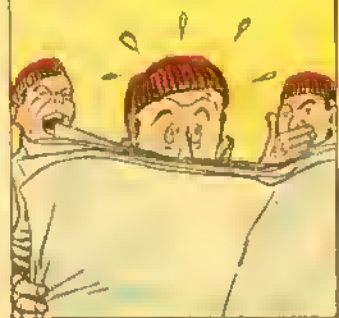
H'I WISH H'I 'AD THE CHANCE TO 'ELP THEM BOYS AT TEAGLY... THEY CONTROL THE WATERWAYS TO INDIA!

I'D SHOW 'EM!

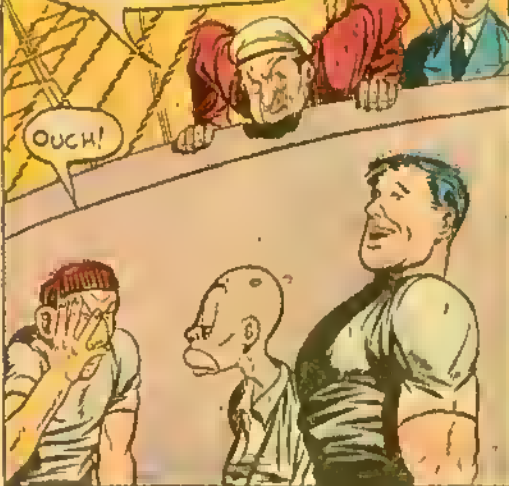
HMPH!

WHEN SUDDENLY...

GALDERN, YE LAZY CRAWFISH! GET BUSY BREAKING YE BACK LOADING THAT CARGO, OR...



...OR WE'LL NEVER GET TO TEAGLY IN TIME TO BLAST THEM CURSED JAPS!

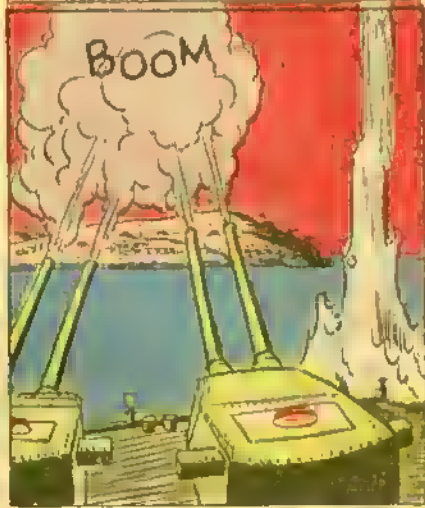


OUCH!

SOON THE PHANTOM CLIPPER SPEEDS OUT TO SEA AND HER DESTINATION TEAGLY ISLAND...



...WHERE THE SMALL FORTIFICATIONS CONTINUE TO CHALLENGE THE 'RISING SUN'...



TOJO, THIS BATTLE MUST END SOON OR I WILL FACE SHAME WITH THE EMPEROR!

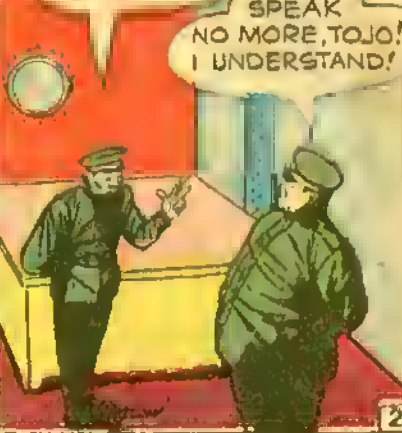


NOW, PERHAPS YOU WILL LISTEN TO MY CUNNING PLAN! COME IN TO THE CHART ROOM AND I'LL EXPLAIN!

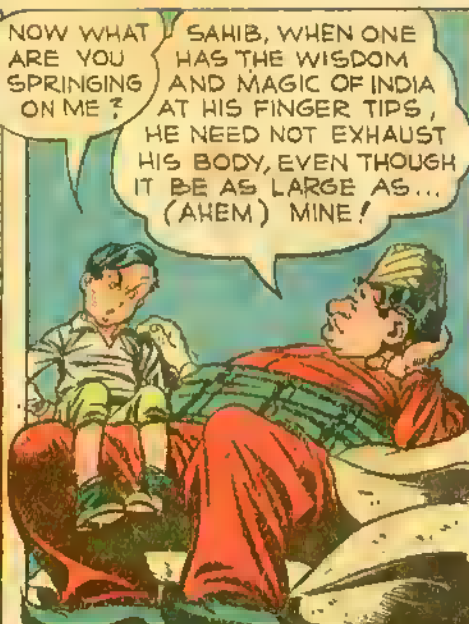
WHAT IS THIS PICTURE? IT IS KNOWN TO OUR ENEMIES AS A SHIP THAT SAILS IN THEIR COLORS THE SHIP WE DREAD AND FEAR, THE PHANTOM CLIPPER!



PUT ME IN COMMAND OF A COMPANY OF MEN, AND IN A FEW DAYS I WILL HAVE A SHIP WHO'S OUTWARD APPEARANCE IS THAT OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER!



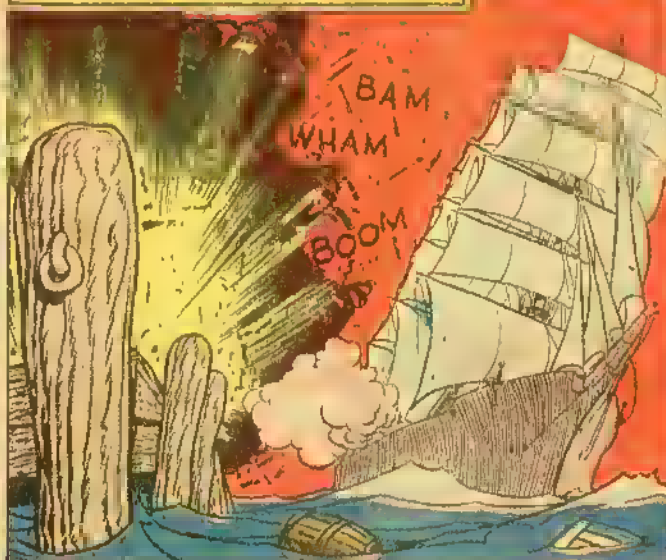
SPEAK NO MORE, TOJO! I UNDERSTAND!



AND WHERE ONCE WERE THE JAPS, NOW SAILS ANOTHER SHIP..

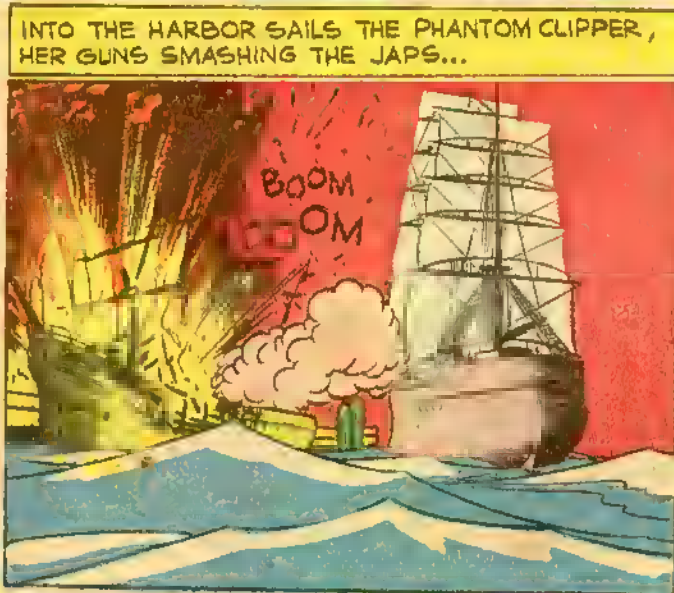


AND AS THE CLIPPER DRAWS NEAR, ITS GUNS OPEN FIRE ON THE DEFENDERS...



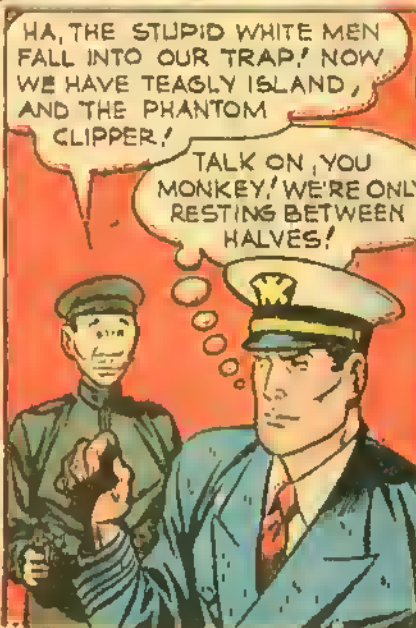
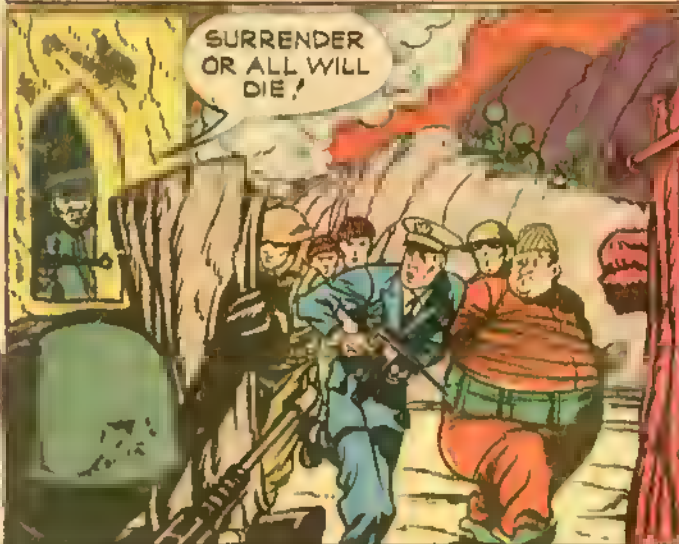
AND LIKE SO MANY RATS, THE JAPS POUR OFF THE SHIP...

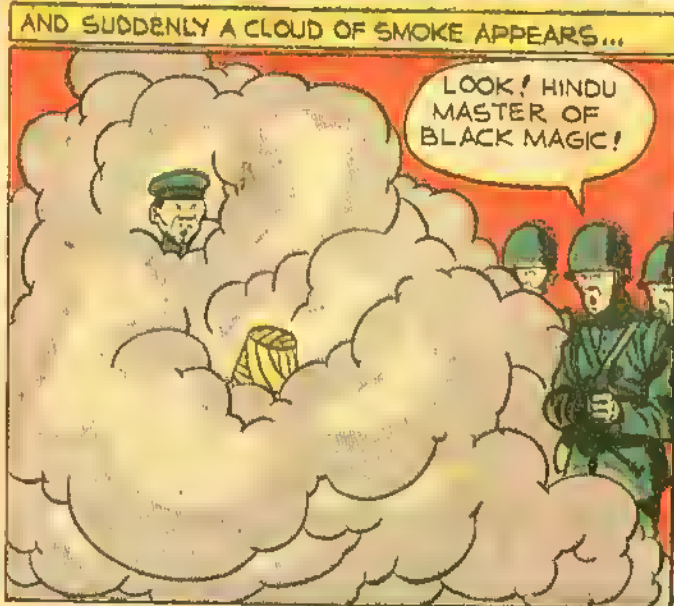
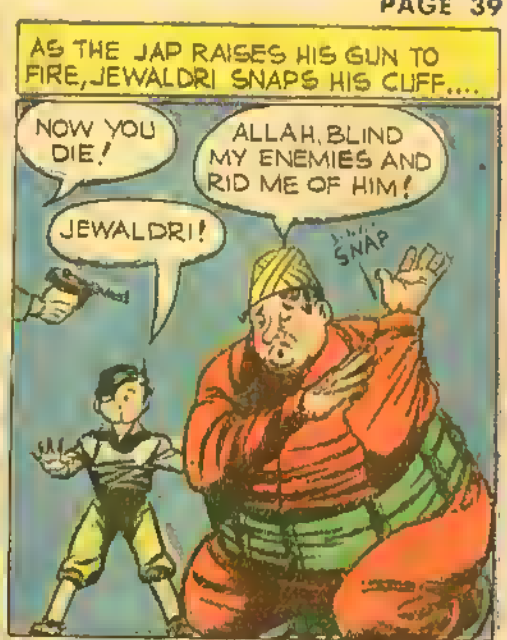


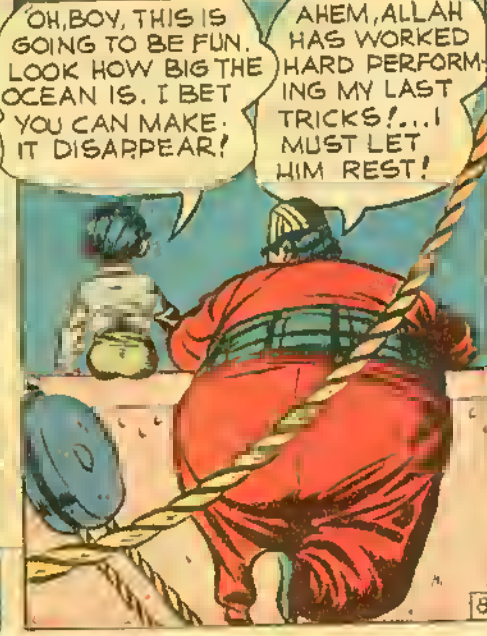




TIGER AND HIS MEN CHASE THE FLEEING JAPS, AND BLINDLY FALL INTO A TRAP...







INFERIOR MAN

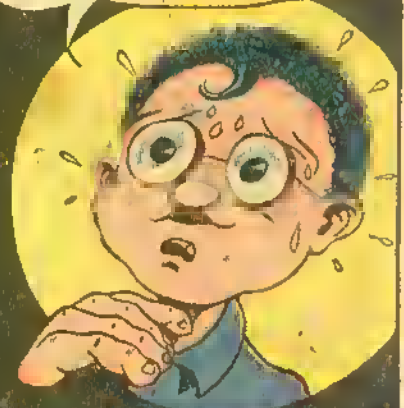
by
ALLAN JAFFEE

LITTLE DOES THE WORLD
REALIZE THAT THE MISS-
ING BROOKLYN BRIDGE
IS REALLY IN POSSESSION
OF.. SHHHH..

**INFERIOR
MAN!**



SHHHH!! GOSH!!! I DON'T
WANT TO LOSE MY BRIDGE...
BUT IF THOSE BROOKLYN
CREATURES CATCH ME!!!
CHHH... I MUST HIDE THE
BRIDGE SOMEWHERE.....



SO... KITCH THE
WITCH AGAIN GREETES
INFERIOR MAN..

HEE-HEE... I KNOW
WHERE THIDE IT!
WE'LL PUT IT BACK
WHERE IT BELONGS!
BUT IT'LL BE
INVISIBLE!!!.. THEY
WILL NEVER SEE IT!!
WISH AGAIN, COURT-
NEY..... WISH!!



OKAY... OHH GOSH...
HERE I GO FOR
ANOTHER BRAIN-
STRAIN!



SEE!! THE BRIDGE
IS BACK IN BROOK-
LYN!!

AN' I
GOTTA
SELL IT!



NOW... WHO'D WANT A
BRIDGE?.. THE W. P. A. —
A JUNKMAN?—MAYBE
SOME CITY SOMEWHERE
...AHHH!!... I KNOW!!



WITH HIS SAVINGS INFERIOR
MAN RUSHES TO A PHONE BOOTH

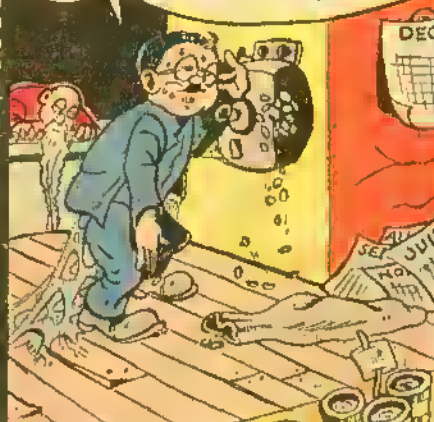
OPERATOR??
I WANT TO
MAKE A LONG
DISTANCE
CALL....

DEPOSIT
YOUR NICKEL
PLEASE!

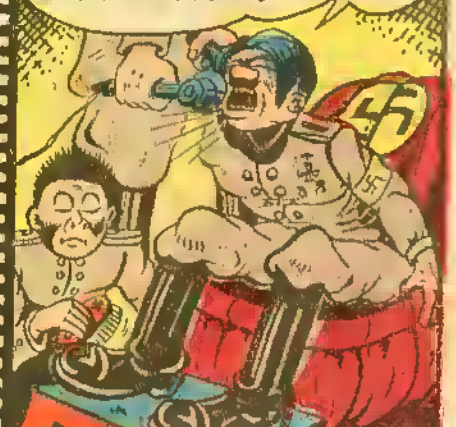


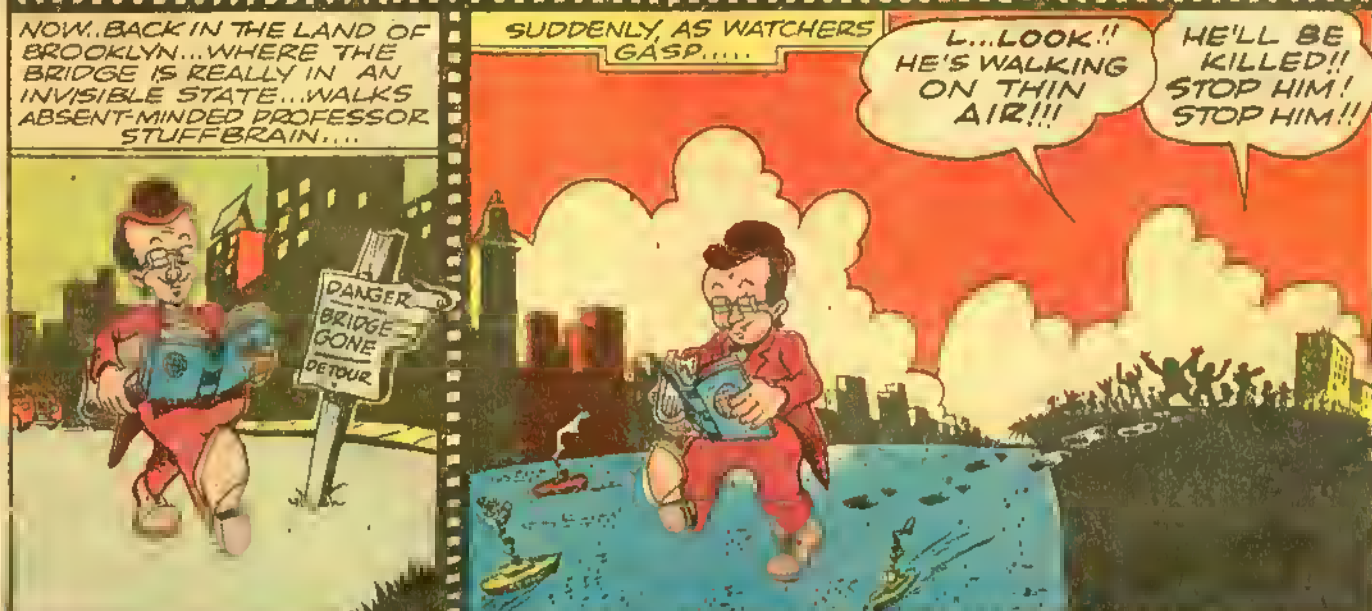
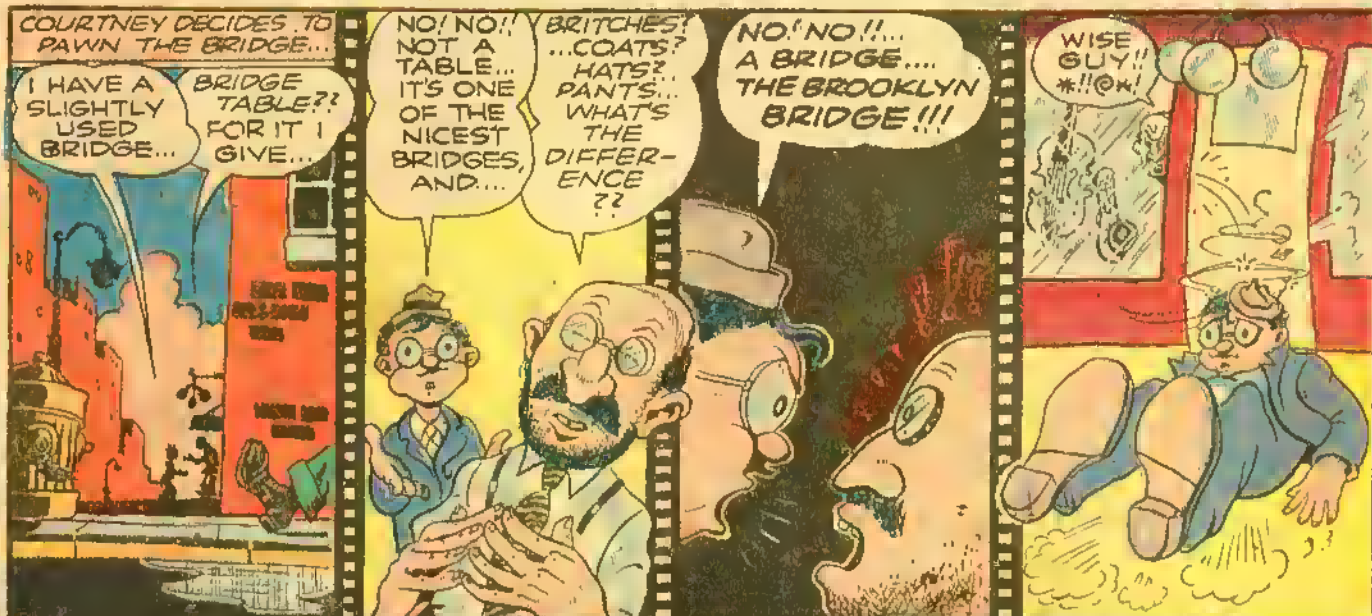
TIME STAGGERS ON....

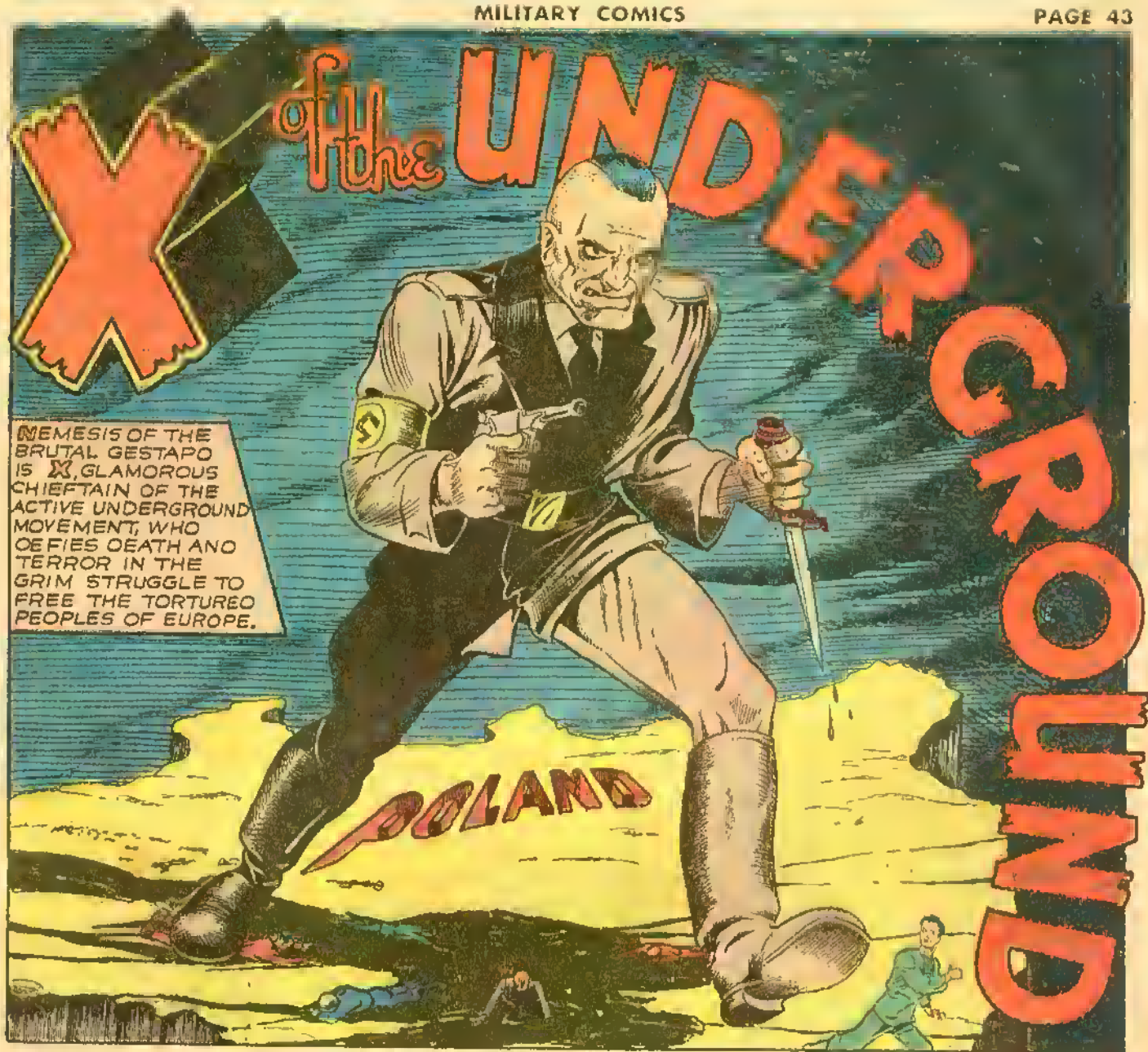
WOW!! THAT'S MY LAST
NICKEL!! HELLO!! HELLO!!
MISTER HITLER?? ARE YOU IN
THE MARKET FOR A SLIGHTLY
USED BRIDGE? BROOKLYN
BRIDGE...



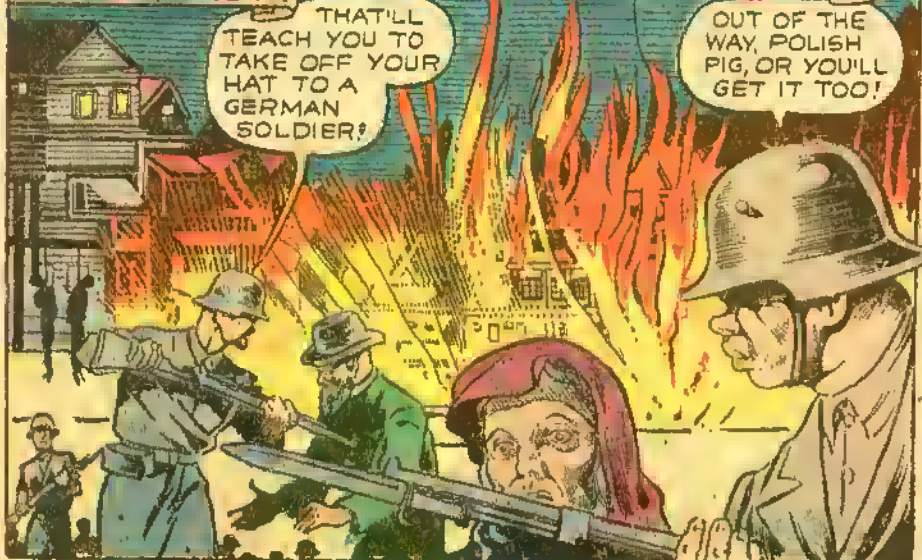
BROOKLYN?! DON'T SAY
DOT NAME! PHOOEY!!!
I LOSE 17,000,000
MARKS ON DEM
DODGERS IN DER BASE-
BALL SERIES!







WRECKED BY BOMBS AND GUTTED BY FIRE, THE SHELL OF A BEAUTIFUL CITY. WARSAW LIES UNDER THE BOOT OF ITS NAZI CONQUERORS.



BUT FOR A SEEMINGLY DOOMED PEOPLE, NEW HOPE APPEARS ON THE HORIZON!

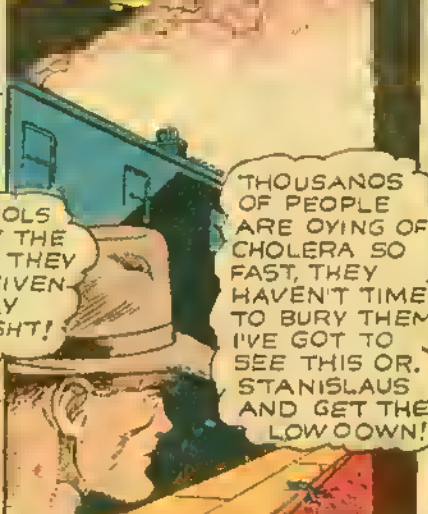


AT A PARTY IN HONOR OF FRITZ VORST, GESTAPO CHIEF FOR WARSAW, THE NAZIS UNKNOWINGLY OINE WITH THEIR MORTAL ENEMY. . .



IF THE FOOLS BUT KNEW THE SECRETS THEY HAVE GIVEN AWAY TONIGHT!

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, BOB GRAY REPORTER, LOOKS FOR A STORY. . .



THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE DYING OF CHOLERA SO FAST, THEY HAVEN'T TIME TO BURY THEM! I'VE GOT TO SEE THIS OR. STANISLAUS AND GET THE LOWDOWN!



HE ISN'T HERE! I'LL WAIT FOR HIM!



CAN'T TURN A LIGHT ON.. IT'S AFTER CURFEW!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING IN MY LABORATORY?

I'M A REPORTER, DOCTOR! I WANTED A STORY ABOUT YOUR NEW CHOLERA SERUM!



FOOL! YOU BUMPEO INTO THE SHAOE JUST AS I TURNED ON THE LIGHT! A GESTAPO MAN MAY SEE IT!



GO QUICKLY! I CAN TELL YOU NOTHING ABOUT THE SERUM, IF THE NAZIS FIND OUT ABOUT IT, THEY WILL PERVERT ITS USE AS THEY ALWAYS DO!



A LIGHT! AFTER CURFEW TOO! I SHALL SEE ABOUT THIS!

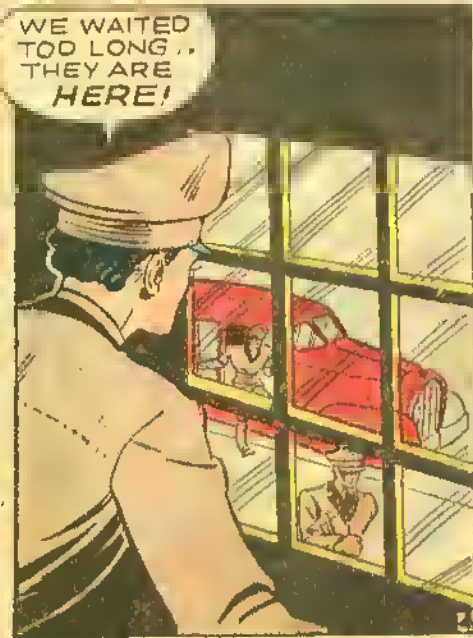
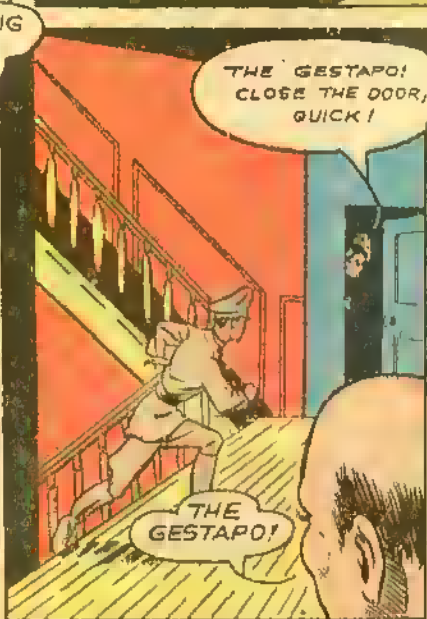


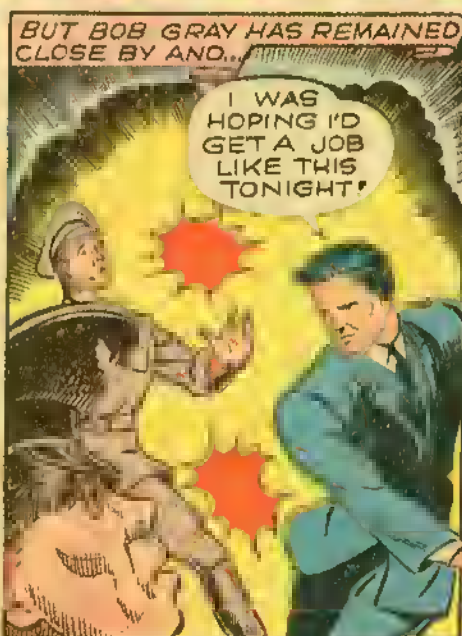
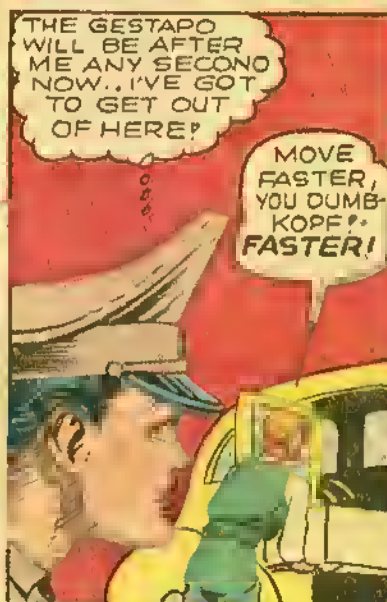
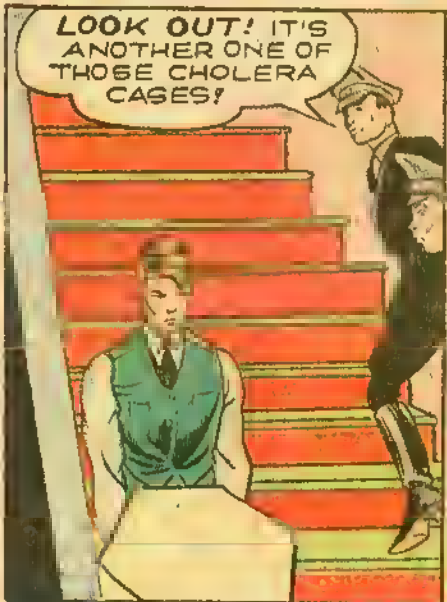
THEY WILL LEARN TO RESPECT OUR ORDERS IF WE HAVE TO KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!



INTO THE CLOSET. AND BE QUIET. I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, AND IT MAY BE THE GESTAPO!







We'll Moider D'Bums!

By RICHARD FRENCH

It was early Spring on Bataan Peninsular, and General Douglas MacArthur had just completed his astounding journey to Australia . . . but on the peninsular, business went on as usual. Again and again the foaming yellow wave smashed itself to bits against the rock wall of gallant defenders, only to reform and pound forward again with increased fury. Foremost among the embattled American forces was the handful of United States Marines . . . true to their tradition as the best darn fighting outfit in the world. Night and day for months, this tiny band had done heroic work in the desperate battle for the Philippines. From time to time the outside world has heard thrilling accounts of the magnificent exploits of these hardy Leathernecks, and MILITARY COMICS is proud to present the story of Private "Husk" Brandon, first-class fighting man and United States Marine!

"ZOWIE! Nice work Husk, y' got 'im!"

"Nuttin to it . . . jes' like rolling off a log! Lemme see . . . dat makes two dive bombers, t'ree Zeroes, n' a heavy bomber since

dis mornin! Guess dat makes me high man fer t'day . . . fork over dem butts, you guys."

"Why you don't geef somebody eltz a' chents? Ahtza life days youza win our cigareets!"

"Relax willya? Dis Corregidor is gettin' on me noives anyway . . . n' I got a coupla days foilough comin . . . I t'ink I'll run over to d' peninsular n' see how dem Army goons is makin' out."

With the acrid stench of anti-aircraft shells still in his nose, Husk waddles over towards the C.O.'s quarters to obtain his pass to visit the front, on Bataan. Brooklyn born and bred, Husk Brandon was a stalwart son of Uncle Sam. Well over six feet tall, he was equipped with a powerful body . . . developed no doubt by defending his pride and joy . . . Dem Dodgers.

"Well, Brandon . . . what brings you here? Nothing criminal I trust?"

"No sir! I got me a foilough comin' an' I t'ought mebbe I'd run over to d' peninsular n' help out dem poor boobies . . . I mean d' Army get rid o' some o' dem snipers."

"Very well, Brandon . . . You've got three days . . . get back here on time for a change if it won't inconvenience you too much! And . . . er . . . good luck my boy . . ."

* * *

"The old man's a pretty good egg," thought Husk. "Too bad he's a Giant fan . . . well, it could be wise . . . he coulda been a Yankee Fan! \$\$\$+"%)%("@"dem Yankees! We wuz robbed!"

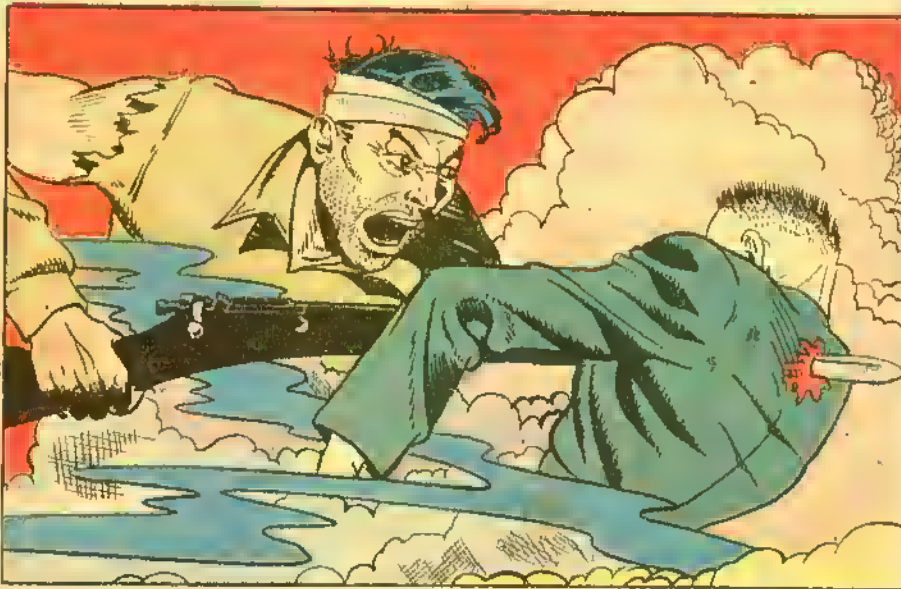
* * *

The tiny tender grated against the dock and Husk vaulted ashore. It had been nearly three weeks since his last trip to the peninsular, and he'd only gotten seven Japs on that trip. Have to do better this time . . . can't have them Army flunkies get too friskie with a Brooklyn Marine. Husk's favorite sport was a game invented by the Marines . . . called Snipe the Sniper. A favorite Jap stunt was to equip a half dozen sharpshooters with ammunition and several days supply of rice, and to send them through the American lines to perch in the trees and snipe the defenders from the rear. The Marines on furlough soon discovered that

UNITED STATES HERO STAMP #3

ON THE TERRIBLE MORNING OF DEC. 7, WHILE THE COWARDLY JAPS WERE BLASTING PEARL HARBOR, SECOND LIEUTENANT GEORGE WELCH ROSE TO MEET THE INVADERS . . . AND IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING SUPERIORITY, SENT 4 JAPS SCREAMING TO DESTRUCTION!!!! HE HAS BEEN AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS FOR HIS REMARKABLE FEAT!!





they could climb into the trees themselves, and wait until they spotted the tell-tale flash and puff of smoke from one of the nearby trees. It was a dead give away of the hidden Jap's position. First one Marine then another would fire into the foliage until the Jap came crashing to earth. It was a regular game . . . with prizes awarded to the high scorer. Since all Marines have to be at least Expert Marksmen, the total score reaches astounding proportions.

But on this trip, Husk was not destined to play Snipe the Sniper, for as he was admitted to the front lines, he discovered an officer asking for a volunteer to go on a very dangerous scouting expedition behind the enemy lines. A certain Jap machine gun was raising havoc with the American flank, and had to be silenced.

"I'll go sir . . . You might as well get the job done properly," said Husk.

"Oh . . . It's you again is it? Very well, private, locate the emplacement and RETURN! Our cannon will do the rest . . . do you understand?"

In a few moments Husk was on his way through the lines. In that particular position, the country was densely wooded with occasional clearings . . . and it was in just such a clearing that Husk stumbled right smack into the hidden Jap Machine guns . . . crews and all. Instantly all was

pandemonium! Guns flashed and roared and a cloud of gun smoke hung over the clearing, and into the tight packed Jap ranks blasted 198 pounds of fighting Marine. His first bull-like charge carried Husk clear through the Japs, and as he turned to close in on them he bellowed, "Drop yer t'(%\$)\$\$ guns, yer outnumbered!"

Instantly an officer gave the necessary command and the Japs hesitated. "Outnumbered? And where is rest of Yankee forces?"

"There ain't no rest of forces . . . jist ME! But by gosh yer still outnumbered! A good U. S. MARINE is worth easy a dozen o' you slant eyed t'\$'%(t\$)\$\$" . . .

"He is alone! Exterminate the fool!"

Before the Japs could pull the triggers, Husk was among them, lushing right and left with his gleaming bayonet! Stronger men than they have quailed before the fighting fury of a Marine armed with a bayonet, and so it is no wonder that the Japs lost heart and attempted to flee . . . But so close packed were they that they had no chance to escape . . . and soon lay lifeless at the feet of Husk Brandon. The dozen corpses were scattered through the clearing, tracing the path of the short but deadly battle. Husk calmly cleaned his bayonet and stepped back into the bushes, dragging the two enemy machine guns.

"Brmph . . . sputt . . . er ahem! Do you mean to say that you alone bested twelve Japanese and captured the guns? . . . all BY YOURSELF?"

"Yessir! It wuzn't much . . . I felt kinda guilty bouncin' th' poor little runts around like that . . . o' course, the only thing lower than a Yankee Fan is a Jap . . . but honest Lieutenant, they ain't so tough . . . why with just one regiment of U. S. Marines we could run 'em all into the China sea! I made kindofa sloppy job of it, but it would've been easier only I didn't have any bullets in me gun . . . I hadda stab 'em all to death . . . yeah, dey ain't so hot . . . why, WE'LL MOIDER DEM BUMS!"

READ THE LATEST ADVENTURE

The **DOLL MAN**

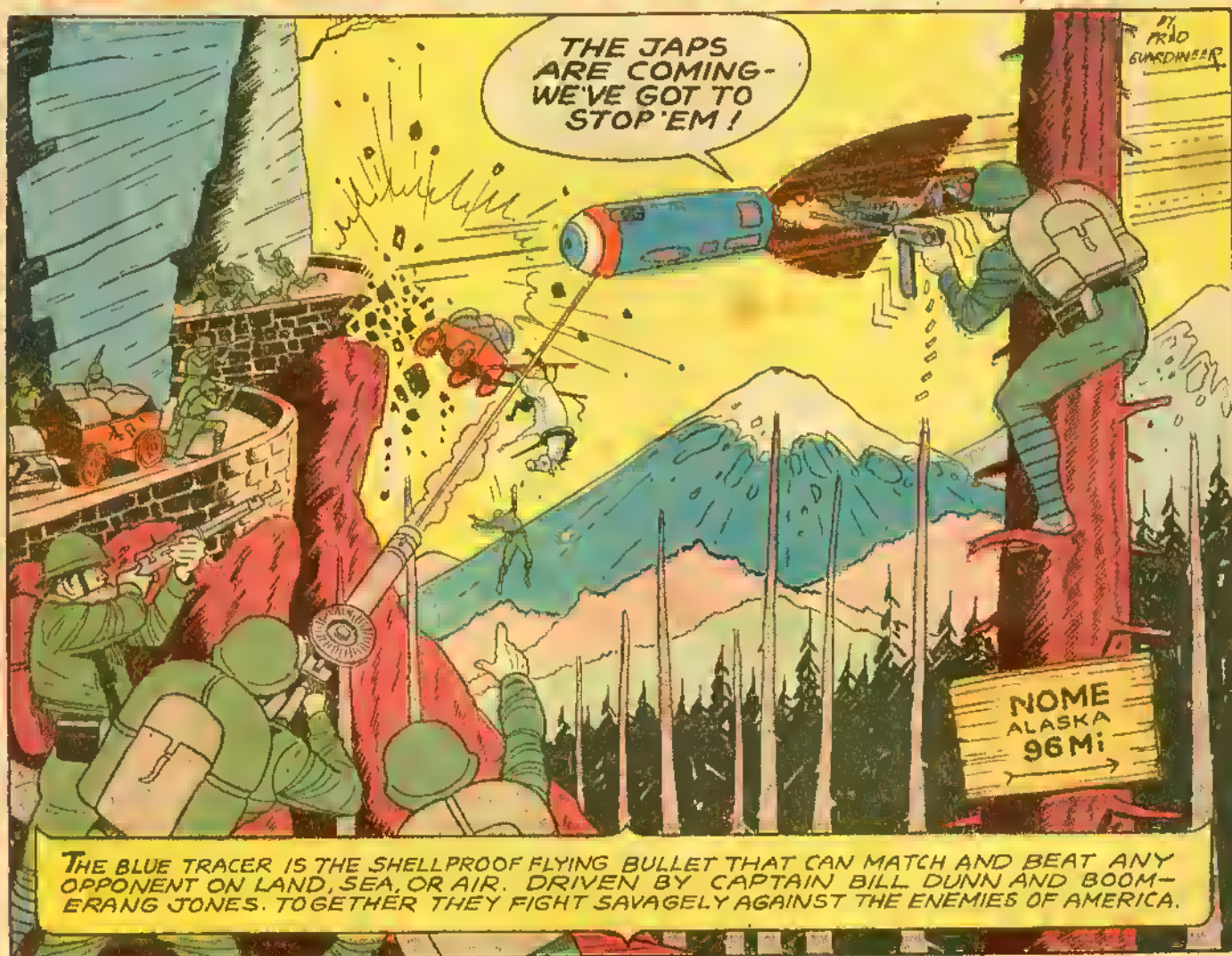
AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF

COMICS
FEATURE

ON SALE JUNE 24TH

THE BLUE TRACER



AFTER SECRETLY ESTABLISHING A BRIDGEHEAD ON ALASKA, A JAP FOOT COLUMN MARCHES SOUTHWARD!



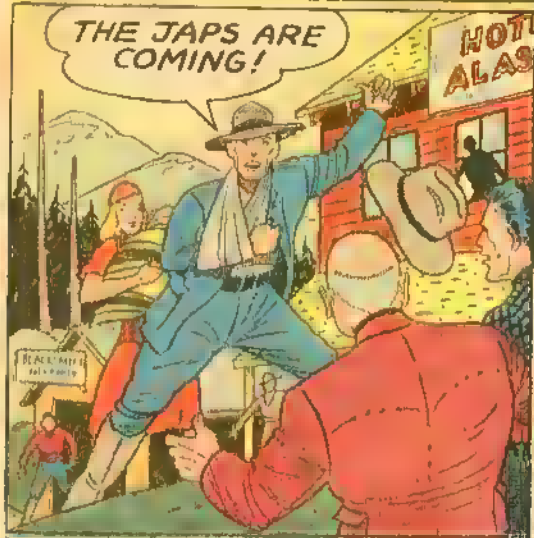
THIS INVASION WILL BE A CINCH! AMERICANS DON'T HAVE MANY SOLDIERS AND ALL THE CIVILIANS SAY "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"! HEH, HEH, HEE!



BUT THE BLUE TRACER IS WORTH A THOUSAND TANKS. HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT IT!



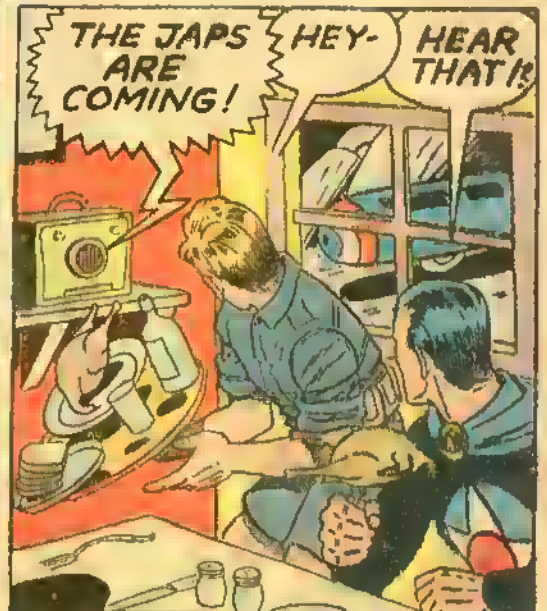
FURTHER SOUTH, THE FIRST REFUGEES STAGGER INTO A NORTHERN TOWN!



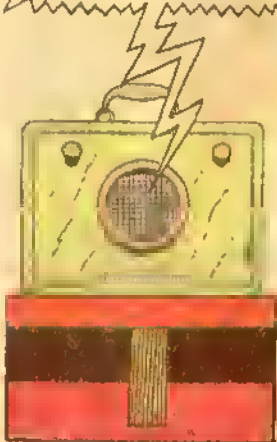
THE JAPS ARE COMING!



THE JAPS ARE COMING! HEY- HEAR THAT!



A JAPANESE ARMY IS MOVING SOUTH THROUGH RED BEAR PASS TOWARD KODIAK GORGE - ALASKA HAS BEEN INVADIED!



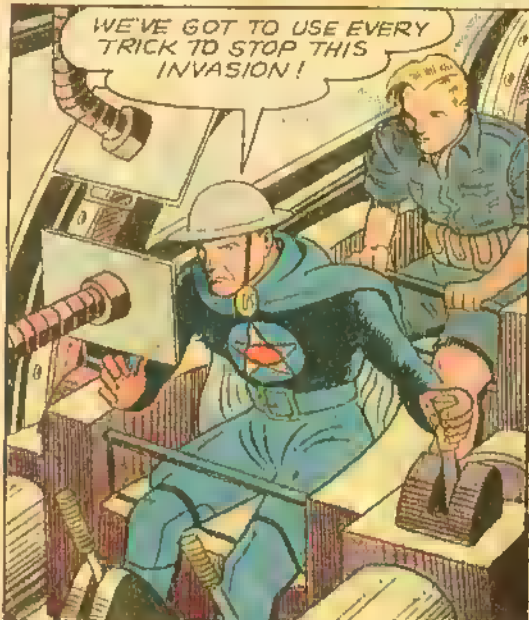
LOAD THE GUNS! WE'RE GOING NORTH!



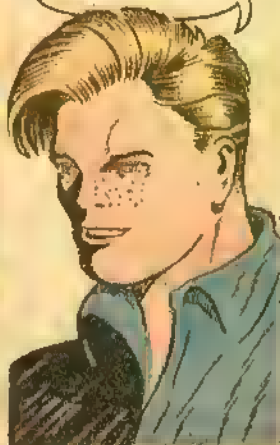
RACING AGAINST TIME, THE BLUE TRACER FLIES LIKE A BULLET TOWARD THE ONCOMING HORDES OF NIPPON.



WE'VE GOT TO USE EVERY TRICK TO STOP THIS INVASION!



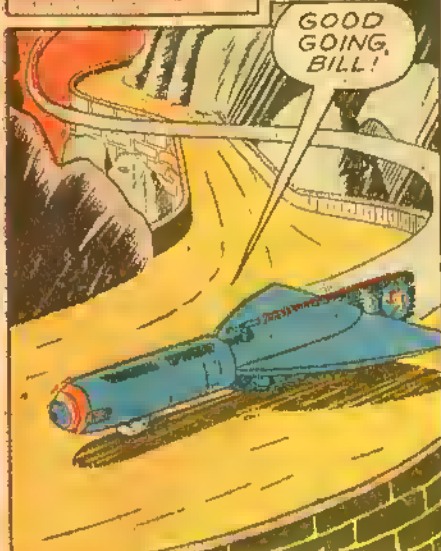
BY SMASHING THE KODIAK BRIDGE THEY COULD BE SLOWED UP - BUT I HAVE A BETTER IDEA - THIS IS IT---



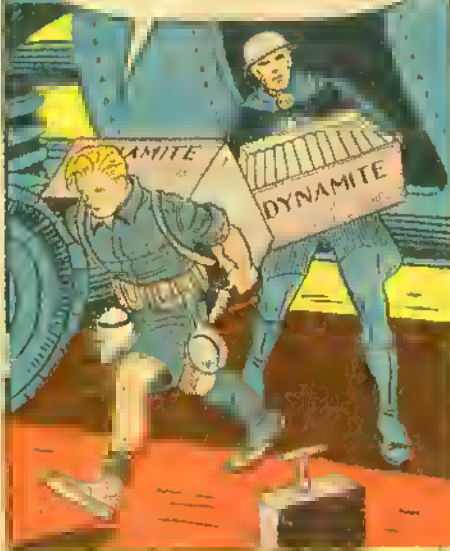
LATER OKAY! WE'LL LAND ON THE PICNIC PARKING FIELD AND GIVE IT A TRY - IT'S GOT TO WORK! THERE'S THE BRIDGE AND THE JAPS HAVE NOT COME YET!



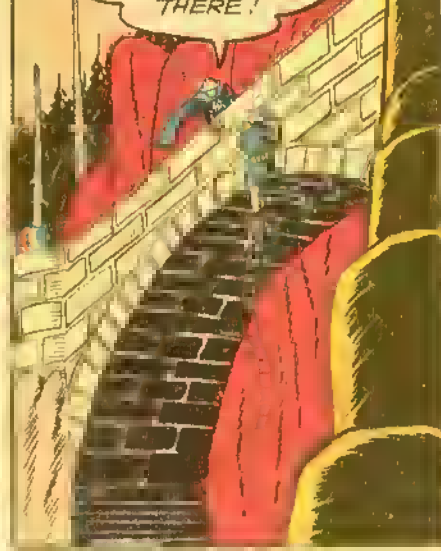
THE BLUE TRACER LANDS ON THE NARROW LEDGE!



OKAY! LET'S GET BUSY WITH THE DYNAMITE!



THAT'S SOME GORGE DOWN THERE!



WE'RE ALL DONE NOW! THERE'S ENOUGH T.N.T. IN THIS BRIDGE TO BLOW IT TO DUST!

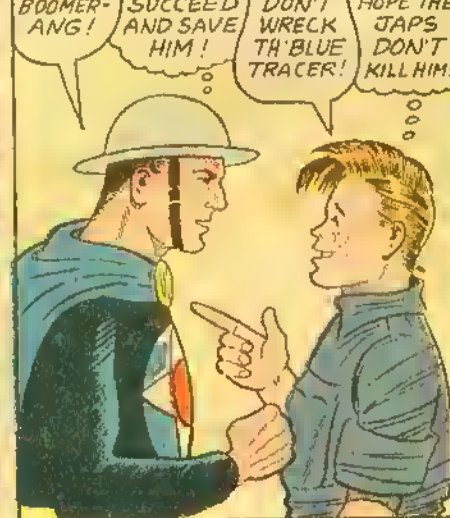


SEE YA LATER, BOOMER-ANG!

SHE'S TAKIN' THE RISKS, I'VE GOT TO SUCCEED AND SAVE HIM!

OKAY, GOOD-LOOKIN'! DON'T WRECK TH' BLUE TRACER!

HE'S TAKIN' TH' RISKS- GEE!! I HOPE THE JAPS DON'T KILL HIM!



FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, BOOMERANG WATCHES THE BLUE TRACER FLY AWAY!



OH, OH! HERE THEY COME!



GEE - IT'S TAKEN THEM A COUPLE HOURS TO GET OVER THAT BRIDGE!

RAKATUFO DENSAI, KAGOSHIMA IZU!

GANOYA KYUSHU GANAKASI?





MEANWHILE THE BLUE TRACER LANDS ON THE PASS!



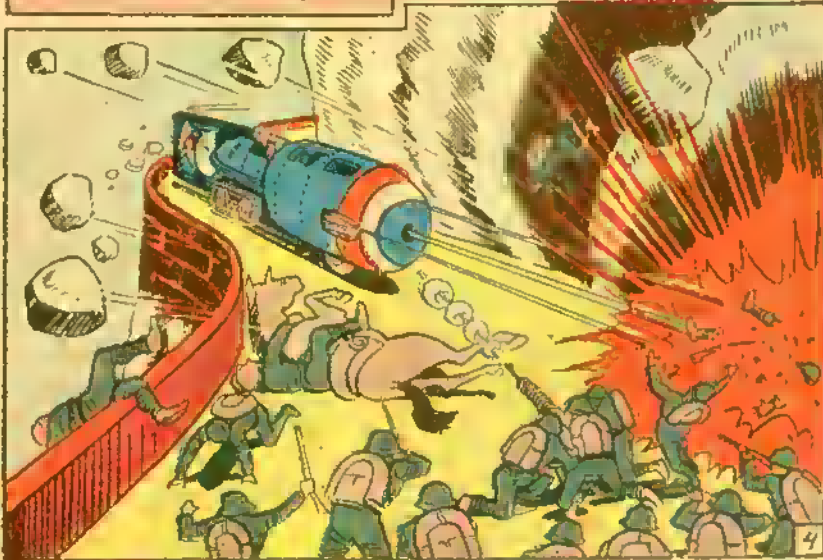
...AND FOLDING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS IT IS READY TO MEET THE FOE AS A LAND TANK.

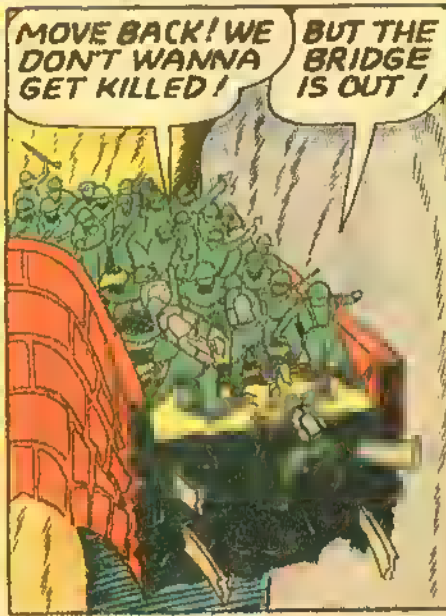


THE BLUE TRACER!

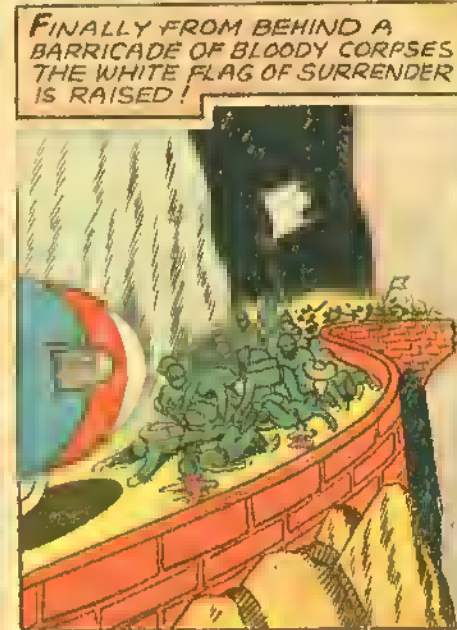
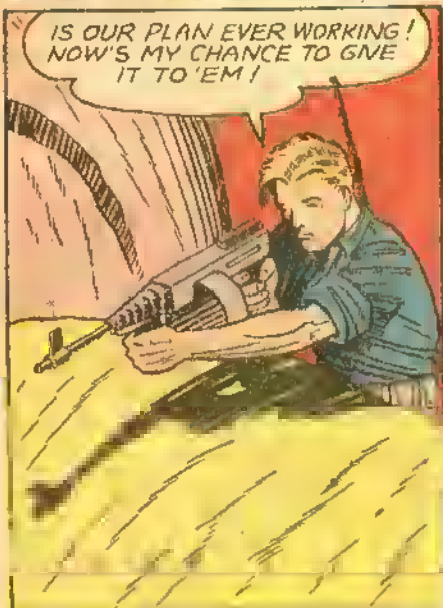


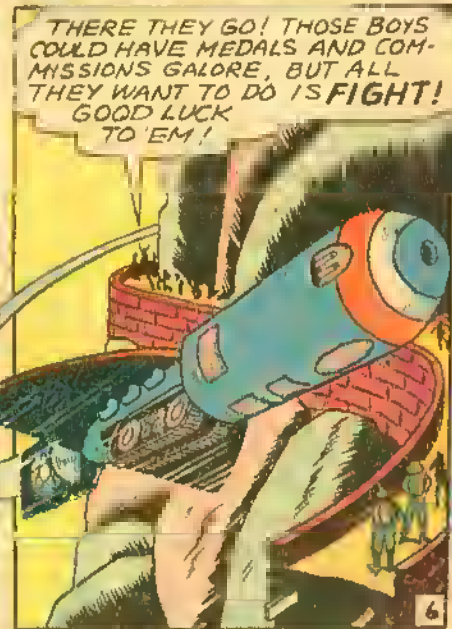
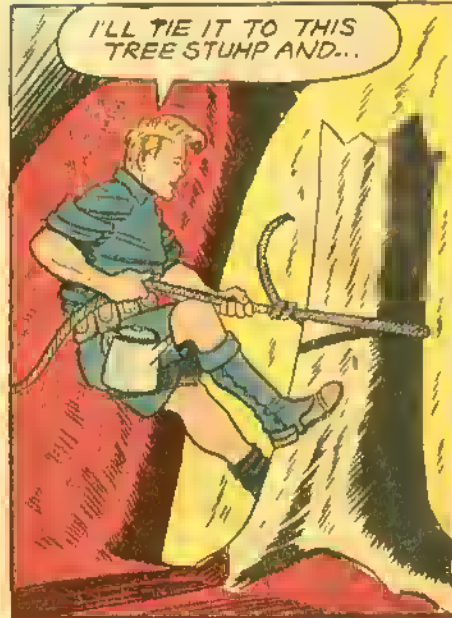
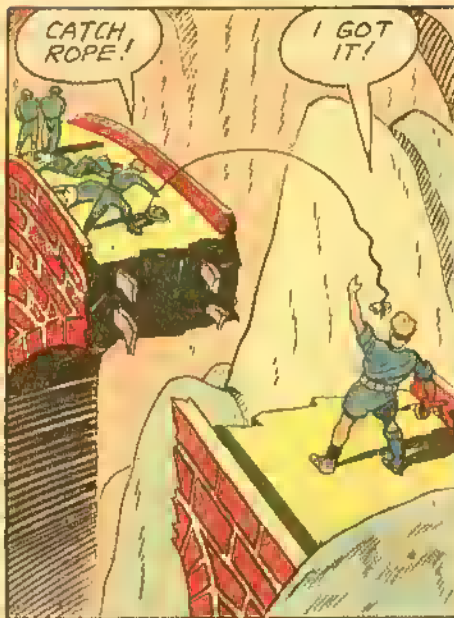
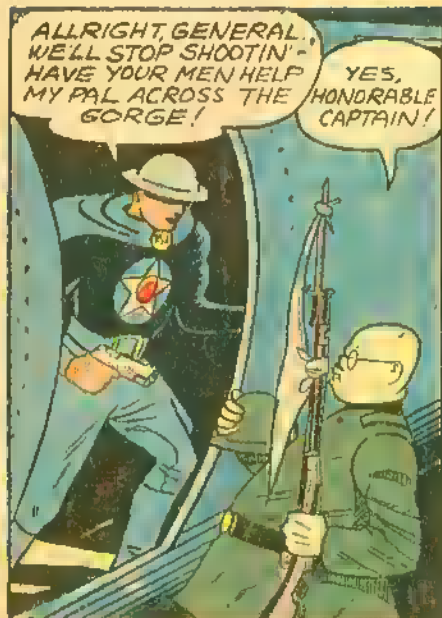
AS BILL POURS DEADLY SHELLS INTO THE JAP ARMY, HE FORCES THEM BACK...BACK..





THE RETREAT BECOMES A ROUT, AND THE REAR GUARD IS PUSHED OFF THE BROKEN BRIDGE!





Don't miss the next exciting episode of The Blue Tracer.



This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

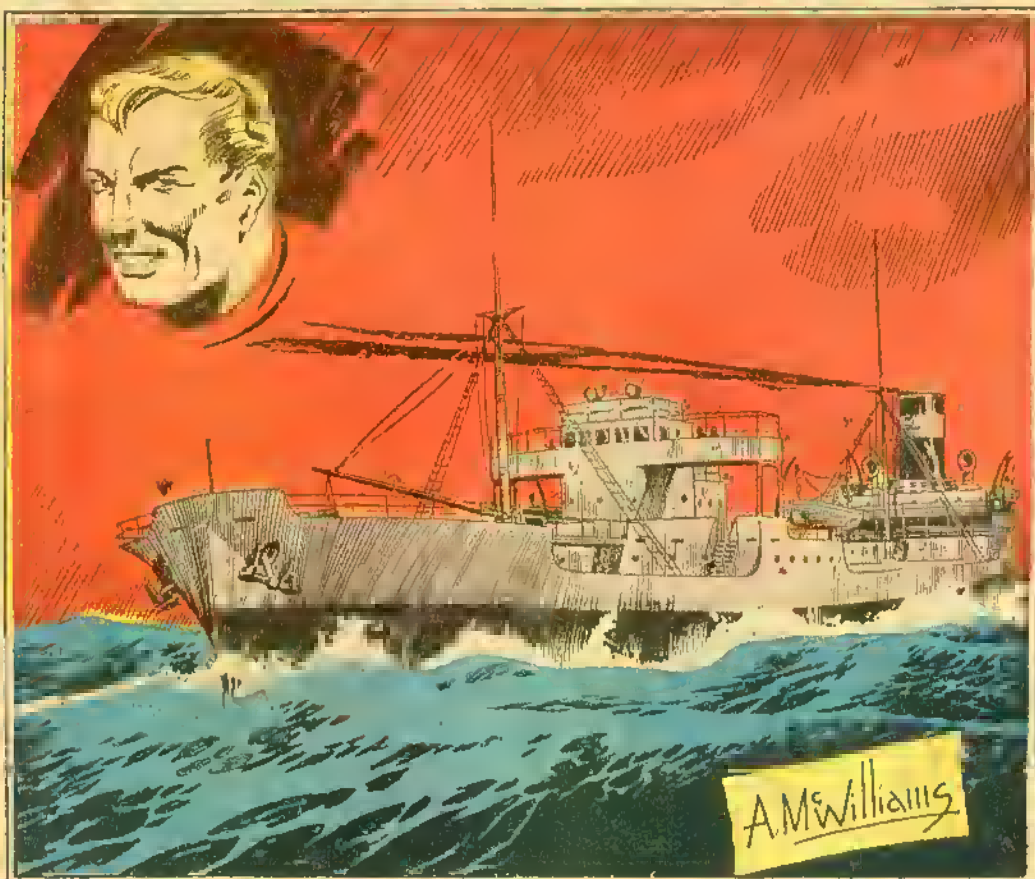
U.S. SEAMAN TRAPS U-BOAT

unsung heroes are those men who keep open American commerce lanes on the high seas despite the dangers of war—

Whether their ships carry cargoes to far off Russia and Australia, or are sailing in U. S. coastal waters, the seamen of the American Merchant Marine stubbornly carry on.

Without the protection of the convoy system, coastal shipping has been the chief prey of the Axis raiders—U-boats that strike without warning!

The dawn of March 13th, finds one of these ships, the tanker Eleanor Ross, plowing through a slate colored sea, bound for New York. On her bridge is First Mate Fred Daiger little realizing he is soon to go through the greatest experience in his career.





ANOTHER DAY OR SO AND WE'LL BE IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK, SKIPPER!

AYE, DAIGER, BUT I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS DAY IS OVER!

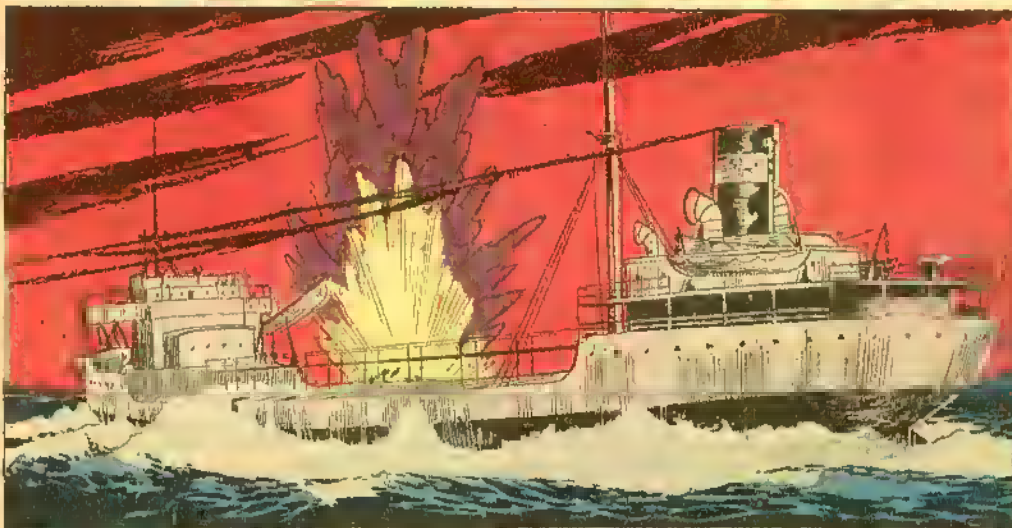


WHY, SIR...? WITH THIS SEA RUNNING, IT'LL BE HARD FOR A U-BOAT TO SPOT US!

TO-DAY IS FRIDAY, THE 13 TH!



...AND THE NAZIS ARE CONCENTRATING ON TANKERS LATELY!



THE 'ELEANOR ROSS' DOGGEDLY BATTERS HER WAY NORTHWARD, SWEEPED CONTINUALLY BY THE SULLEN GRAY SEAS... SUDDENLY, THE TANKER IS STAGGERED BY A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION AMIDSHIPS....

FIRST MATE FRED DAIGER IS ASTERN AND OFF DUTY WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURS...



TORPEDOED!

...AND HE REACHES THE DECK IN TIME TO SEE A HOLOCAUST OF FLAME BLOT OUT THE ENTIRE FORWARD PART OF THE STRICKEN ELEANOR ROSS !!

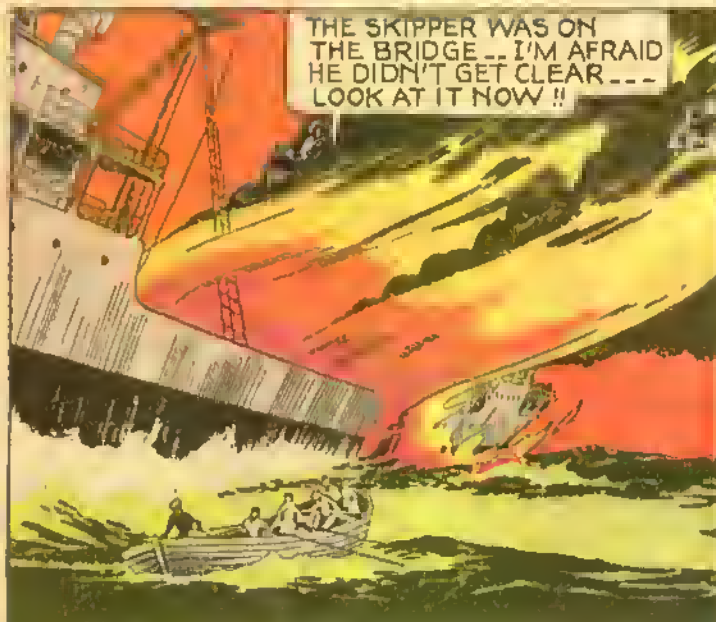


THE OIL IS BURNING...!! WE'VE GOTTA LAUNCH OUR BOATS FAST....!!

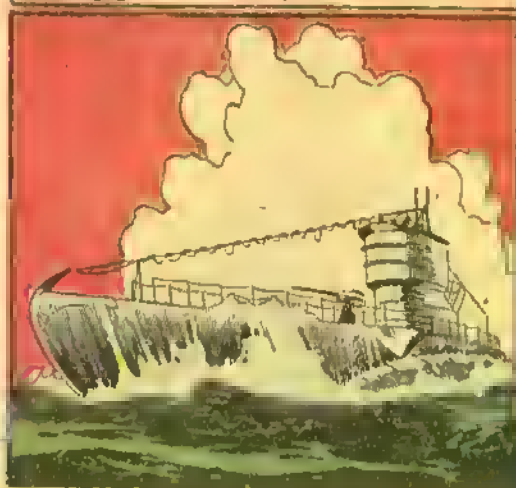


THE FLAMES ROAR BACK TOWARD THE STERN, AS THE SURVIVING CREW MEMBERS STRUGGLE TO LAUNCH A BOAT!

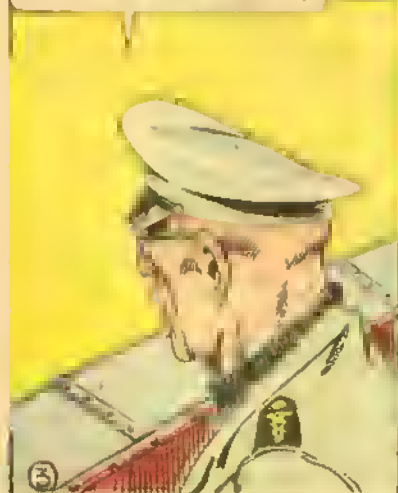




AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE SEAMAN'S QUESTION, THE NAZI SUB SURFACES A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, HER BALLAST TANK VENTS BLARING CLOUDS OF SPRAY!!



YOU MEN IN THE BOAT...!! WHO IS THE HIGHEST RANKING OFFICER AMONG YOU ? HE WILL PLEASE COME UP ON THE SUB'S DECK !



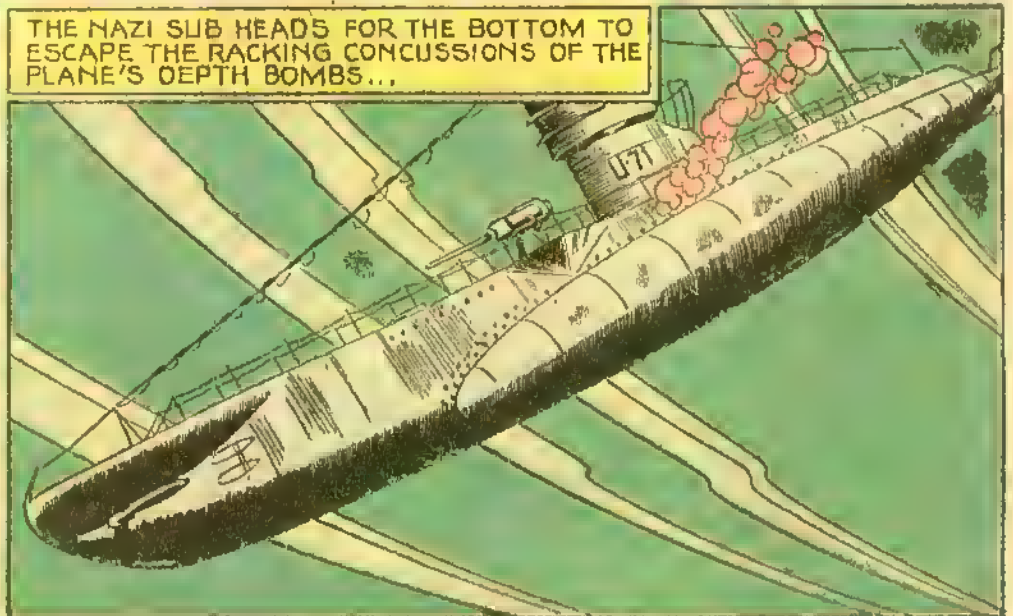
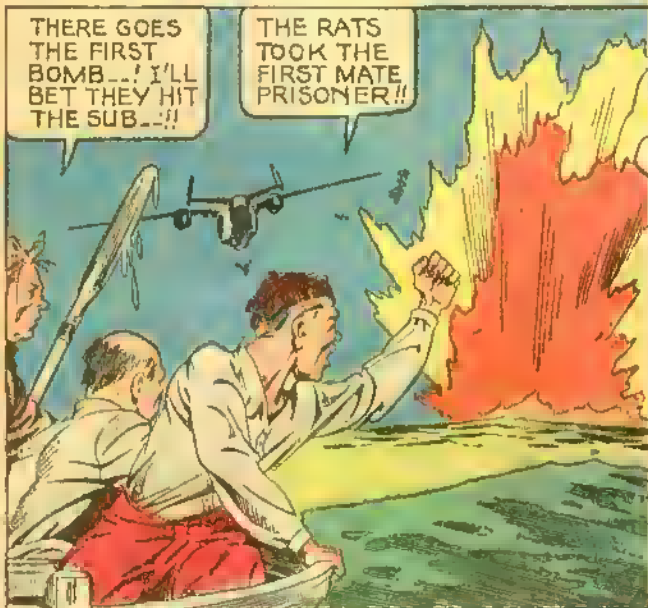
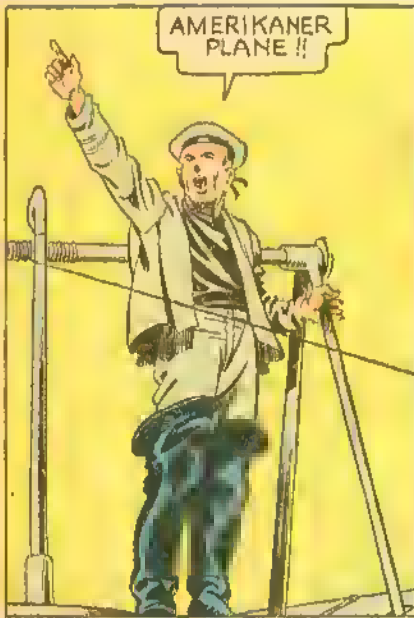
GUESS YOU MEAN ME -- FRED DAIGER, FIRST MATE, ONLY SURVIVING OFFICER OF THE TANKER ELEANOR ROSS ---

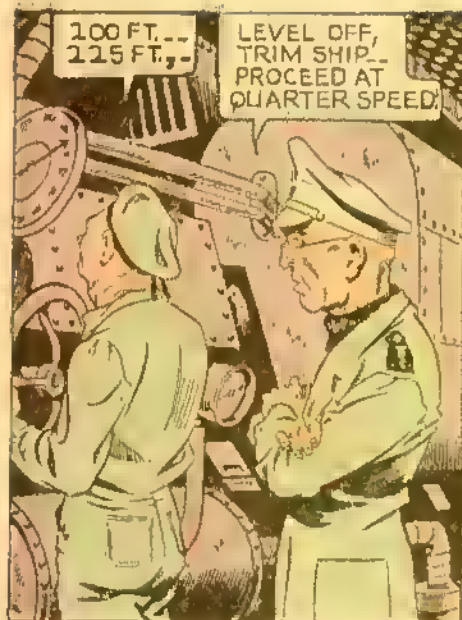


FULL CARGO BOUND FOR NEW YORK, I PRESUME !

YOU'RE ONLY A FEW MILES OFF THE COAST, HERR DAIGER... SO YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE ----

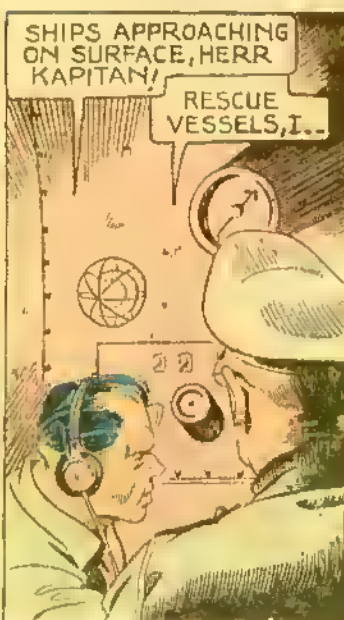






100 FT.--
125 FT.--

LEVEL OFF,
TRIM SHIP--
PROCEED AT
QUARTER SPEED



SHIPS APPROACHING
ON SURFACE, HERR
KAPITAN!

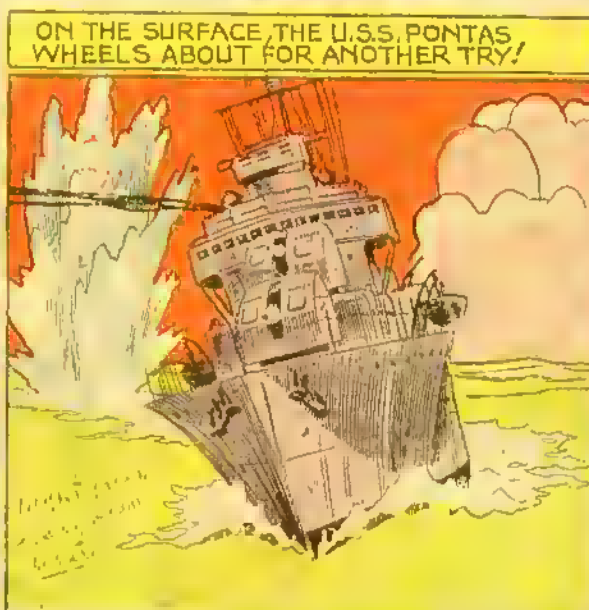
RESCUE
VESSELS, I..



SUDDENLY, THE U-BOAT REELS AS A
HEAVY, SHIP-BOARD, DEPTH BOMB
BURSTS ASTERN-----!!



WHAM!--ANOTHER ONE!!
SOUNDS LIKE THE U.S.
NAVY HAS CAUGHT UP
WITH THIS SEA-GOING TIN
CAN!--THE ONLY TROUBLE
IS, I'M IN IT!!



ON THE SURFACE, THE U.S.S. PONTAS
WHEELS ABOUT FOR ANOTHER TRY!



I THINK THE PLANE
MUST'VE CRIPPLED THAT
SUB--- AND OUR QUICK
ARRIVAL SURPRISED
HIM ALSO, I'LL WAGER!



THOSE VERDAMTE NAVY SHIPS
HAVE LOCATED US-- STOP ENGINES,
--PUT THE SHIP ON THE BOTTOM!



PUT SOME OIL, BITS
OF CORK, AND SOME
CLOTHING IN ONE OF
THE TUBES--WE'LL
TRY THAT TRICK--!!



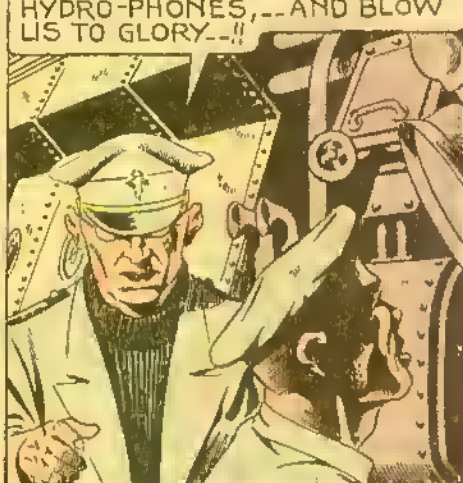
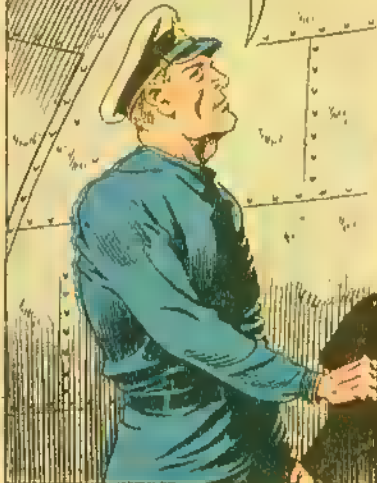
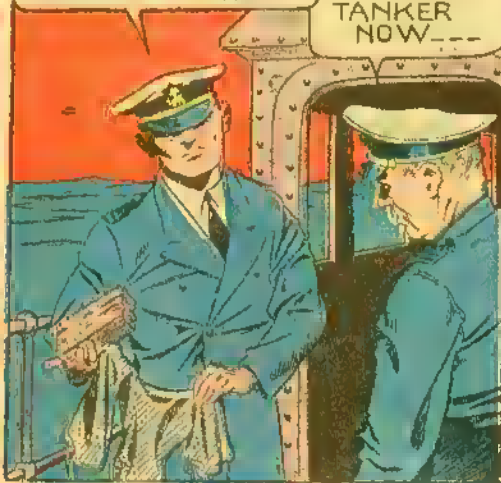
--AND ON THE
SURFACE A FEW
MINUTES LATER!

WE'VE SUNK THE SUB, SIR... HERE ARE SOME BITS OF CORK... ALL COVERED WITH OIL!!

GOOOO! WE'LL PICK UP THE SURVIVORS OF THE TANKER NOW...

THE DEPTH BOMBING HAS STOPPED... I'LL BET THE NAVY SHIPS THINK THEY'VE GOT THIS U-BOAT

OUR OIL TRICK HAS WORKED!! EVERY MAN REMAIN STILL... IF SO MUCH AS A FOOT SCRAPES ON THE STEEL FLOOR, THEY'LL HEAR THE SOUND ON THEIR HYDRO-PHONES... AND BLOW US TO GLORY--!!

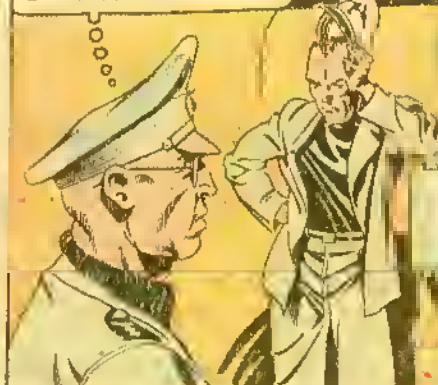
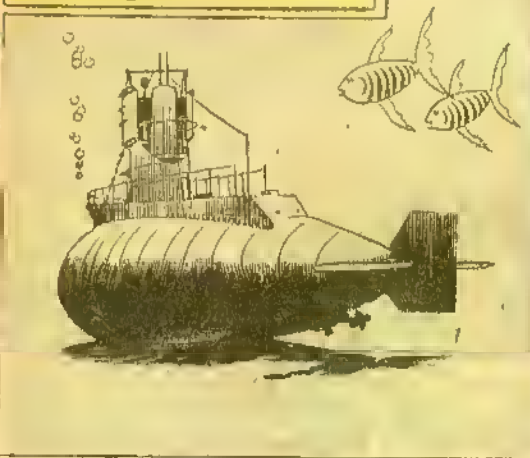


THE TENSE GAME OF LIFE OR DEATH DRAGS ON...!! EACH MINUTE SEEMS AN HOUR... THE QUIET SUB ROCKS EASILY ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR...

WHAT CAN THEY BE DOING UP THERE? I HAVEN'T HEARD THEM GO AWAY... BUT THEY MUST'VE FOUND THE OIL BY THIS TIME!! HAVE I MISJUDGED SOMEHOW...

SUDDENLY... A METALLIC TAPPING RINGS THROUGH-OUT THE SILENT U-BOAT!!

STOP THAT NOISE!!



IF THE NAVY IS LISTENING FOR THIS CAN ON THEIR DETECTORS I'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO HEAR...

ABOARD THE U.S.S. PONTAS

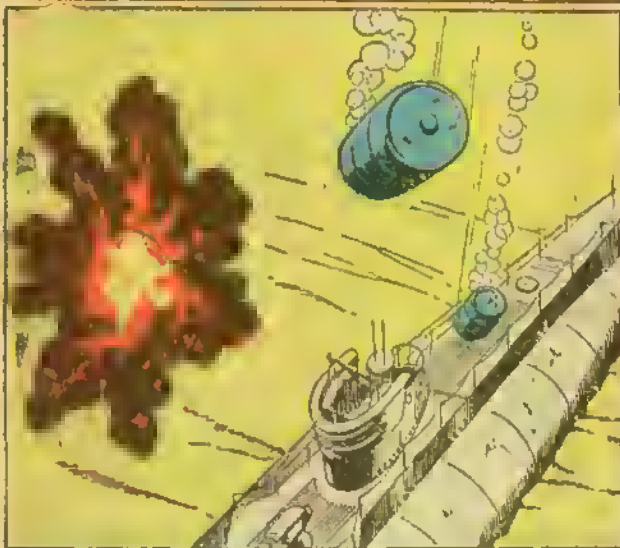
WE'VE PICKED UP A MESSAGE FROM BELOW, SIR... TAPPED OUT IN CODE... "U-BOAT O.K." IT SAID...

SO WE DIDN'T GET HER, EH!

MAKE NOISE, Y'LL YOU!



THE CRASH OF DEPTH BOMBS THROWS THE SUB CREW INTO FRANTIC ACTIVITY



THEY'VE FOUND US!!
-- ENGINES FULL
AHEAD!! -- COURSE--



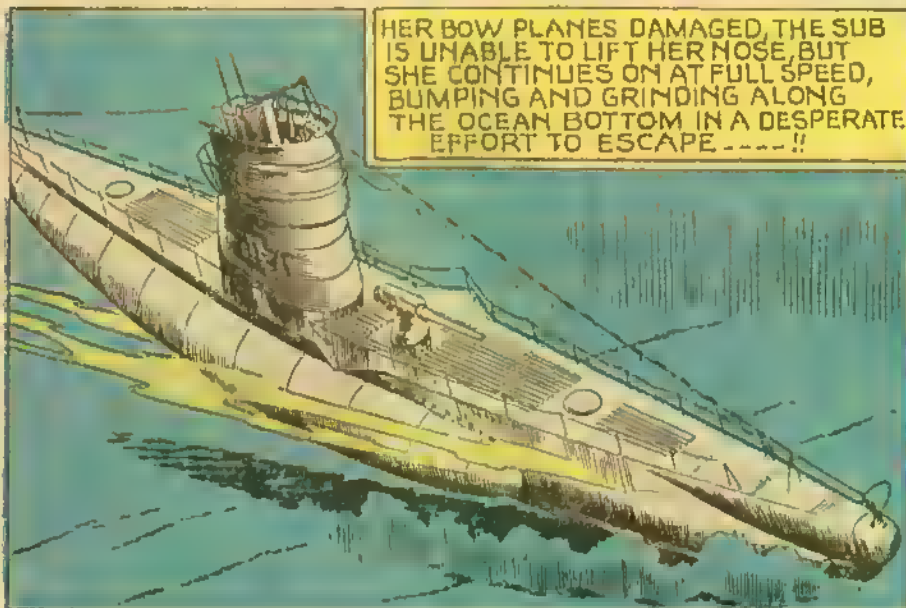
A TREMENDOUS CRASH UP FORWARD-- THE LIGHTS WINK OUT-- THE U-BOAT'S BOW LIFTS AT A CRAZY ANGLE

WE'RE HIT FORWARD, HERR KAPITAN!

TRIM SHIP--!!
EMERGENCY LIGHTS

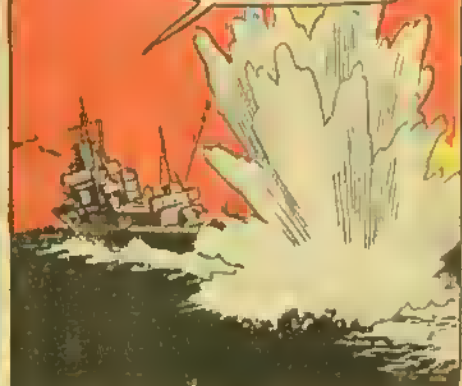


HER BOW PLANES DAMAGED, THE SUB IS UNABLE TO LIFT HER NOSE, BUT SHE CONTINUES ON AT FULL SPEED, BUMPING AND GRINDING ALONG THE OCEAN BOTTOM IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE----



SOUNDS AS IF THEY'RE SCRAPING ALONG ON THE BOTTOM, SIR-- WE'VE CRIPPLED HER--

MIGHT BE ANOTHER TRICK! CONTINUE DROPPING DEPTH CHARGES!



ANOTHER EXPLOSION CLOSE ASTERN-- AND THE SEA POURS IN THROUGH THE SUB'S BROKEN PLATES--



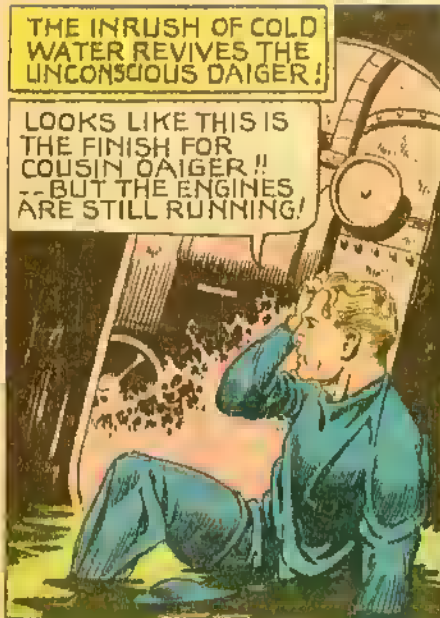
-- WATER SURGES INTO THE STERN BATTERY ROOM--

CHLORINE GAS!!



QUARTER SPEED ASTERN!! BLOW TANKS-- SURFACE--





THE INRUSH OF COLD WATER REVIVES THE UNCONSCIOUS DAIGER!

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE FINISH FOR COUSIN DAIGER!! -- BUT THE ENGINES ARE STILL RUNNING!

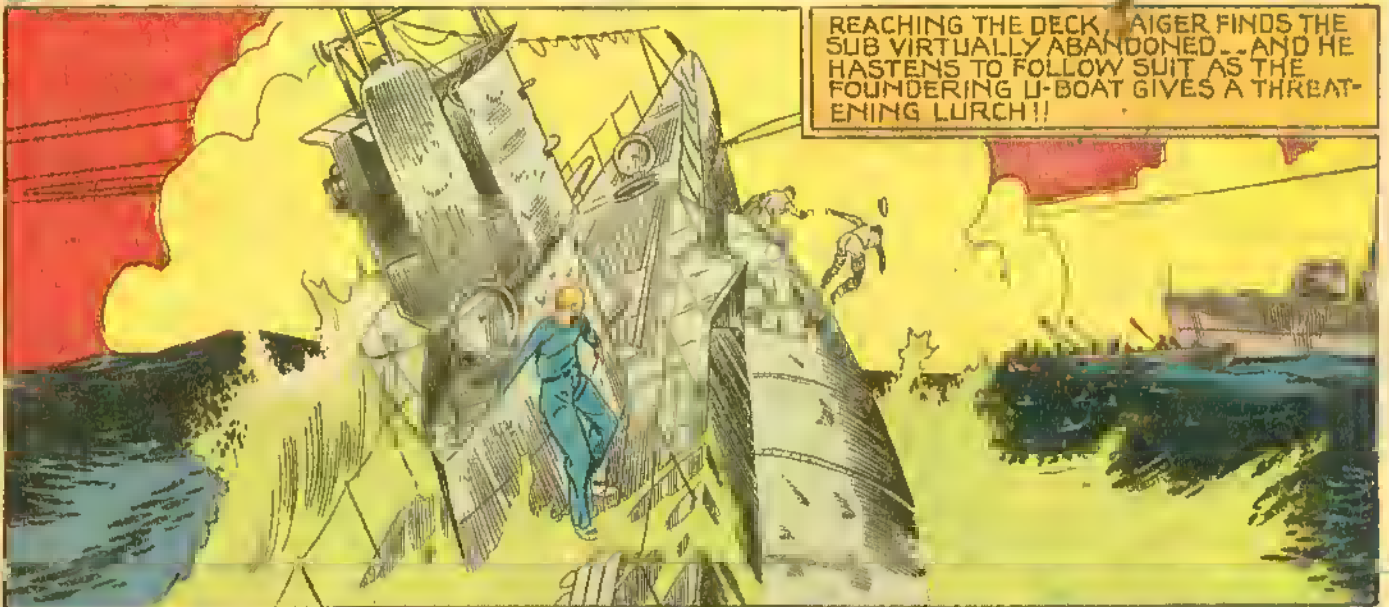


ON SURFACE... OPEN HATCHES!



STILL DAZED, THE FIRST MATE STAGGERS THROUGH THE ABANDONED, SINKING U-BOAT.

GOTTA REACH A HATCH-- THIS TUB IS AT AN AWFUL ANGLE. MUST BE READY TO SINK!



REACHING THE DECK, DAIGER FINDS THE SUB VIRTUALLY ABANDONED... AND HE HASTENS TO FOLLOW SUIT AS THE FOUNDERING U-BOAT GIVES A THREATENING LURCH!!



THERE SHE GOES!!... I DIDN'T GET OFF ANY TOO SOON!!



ABOARD THE U.S.S. PONTAS

I WAS A PRISONER ABOARD THE SUB! GUESS YOU GOT THE MESSAGE I TAPPED OUT, EH!

SO YOU'RE THE HERO!



YOU'RE AN EXTREMELY LUCKY YOUNG MAN, DAIGER... ONE OF THE FEW MEN TO ESCAPE FROM THE TANKER, AND THEN ONE OF THE FEW TO ESCAPE FROM THAT U-BOAT!!

ALL IN THE SPACE OF A FEW HOURS!

The ATLANTIC PATROL

MIDNIGHT, FEB. 23, FINOS
A SLOW AMERICAN MER-
CHANT SHIP PLOWING
ALONG STEADILY THROUGH
CARIBBEAN WATERS----

--- BUT, A FEW MINUTES
LATER, THE OLD SHIP
STAGGERS, AS A TORPEDO
CRASHES INTO HER SIDE---!!

A. McWilliams



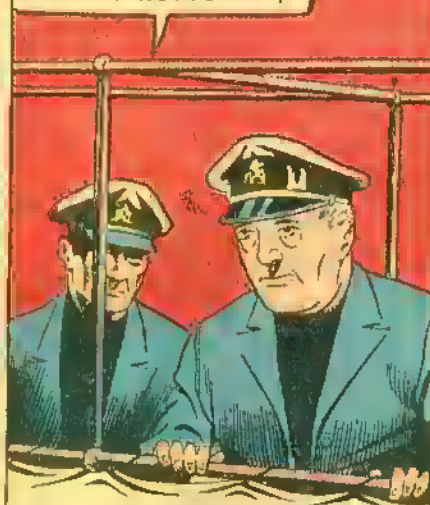
ENSIGN WENDT, IN
CHARGE OF THE SHIP'S
NAVY GUN CREW,
STRAINS HIS EYES
FOR A GLIMPSE OF
THE U-BOAT---

WE'VE STILL GOT
STEAM UP, SIR--
BUT WE CAN'T
LAST LONG---!!

SUDDENLY, A FLASH OF GUNFIRE OFF
TO PORT AS THE SUB STARTS SHELL-
ING THE SINKING FREIGHTER---

STILL CAN'T SEE HER,
SIR--BLACK AS THE
INSIDE OF MY HAT!

SHE'S OFF TO
PORT SOME-
WHERE!

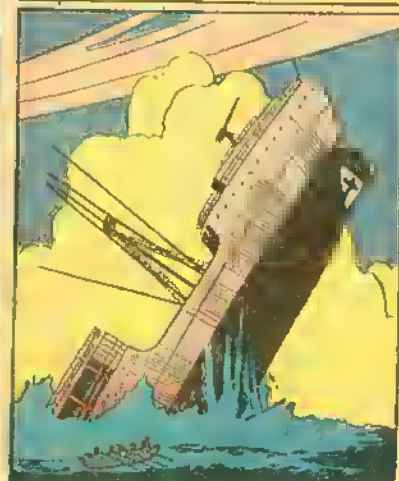


BUT THE U-BOAT'S GUN
CREW CAN'T SEE EITHER
--AND THEY SEND UP
A FLARE--THEIR FATAL
MISTAKE!!

THERE SHE IS,
BOYS! NAIL HER!!

GOT 'ER!

THE FREIGHTER SINKS
TWELVE HOURS LATER--
THE FIRST U.S. MERCHANT
SHIP TO SINK A U-BOAT
IN WORLD WAR II



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THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



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